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" IT is good, in *Diſcourſe*, and Speech of Converſation, to vary,
" and intermingle Speech of the preſent Occaſion with Argu-
" ments; Tales with Reaſons: Aſking of Queſtions, with Telling
" of Opinions; and Jeſt with Earneſt: For it is a dull Thing to
" Tire, and as we ſay now, to Jade, anything too far."

BACON. *Eſſay of Diſcourſe.*

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL:

A SERIES OF READINGS

AND DISCOURSE

THEREON

A Helps

BOOK THE FIRST.

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LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1847

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God
Help Fr
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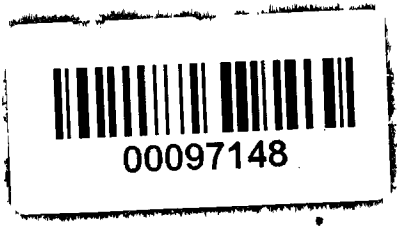

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

VISCOUNT MORPETH, M.P.

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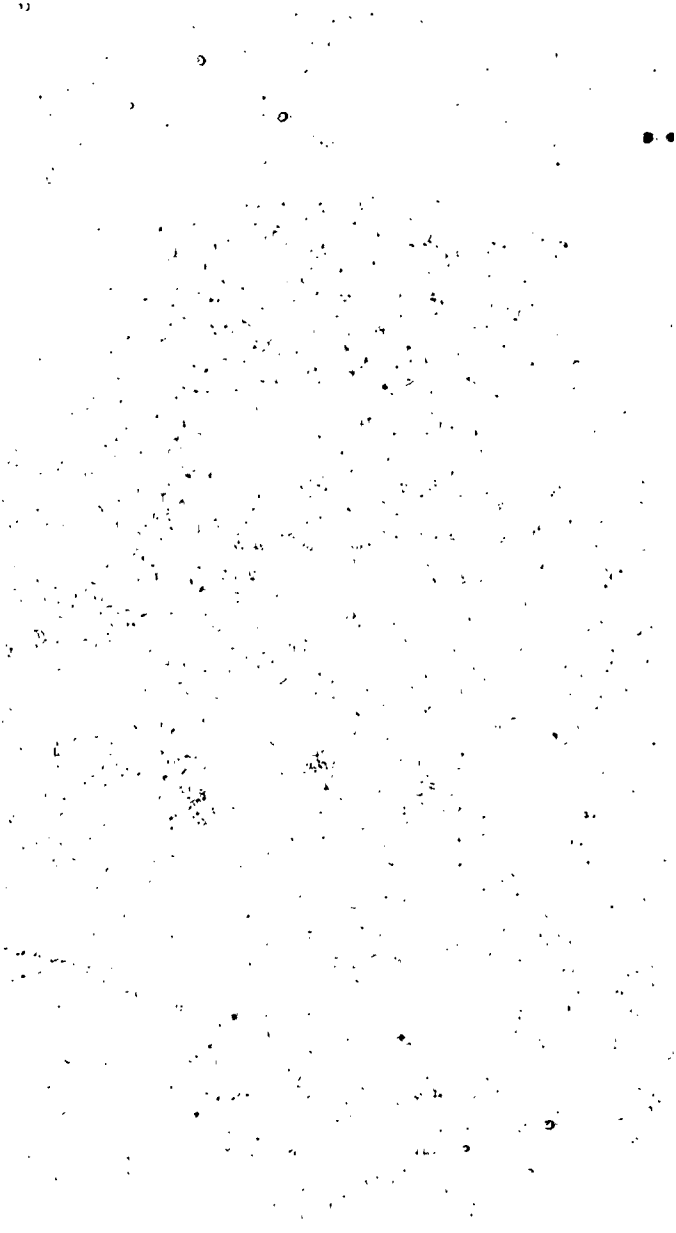

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CHAPTER I.

NONE but thoſe who, like myſelf, have once lived in intellectual ſociety, and have then been deprived of it for years, can appreciate the delight of finding it again. Not that I have any right to complain, if I were fated to live as a recluſe for ever. I can add little, or nothing, to the pleaſure of any company; I like to liſten rather than to talk; and when anything appoſite does occur to me, it is generally the day after the converſation has taken place. I do not, however, love good talk the leſs for theſe defects of mine; and I conſole myſelf with thinking that I ſuſtain the part of a judicious liſtener, not always an eaſy one.

Great then was my delight at hearing laſt year

mon principles of thought than from any peculiar ſimilarity of taſte, or from great affection on either ſide. Yet I ſhould wrong their friendſhip if I were to repreſent it otherwiſe than a moſt true-hearted one; more ſo, perhaps, than ſome of ſofter texture. What needs be ſeen of them individually will be by their words, which I hope I have in the main retained.

The place where we generally met in fine weather was on the lawn before Milverton's houſe. It was an eminence which commanded a ſeries of valleys ſloping towards the ſea. And, as the ſea was not more than nine miles off, it was a matter of frequent ſpeculation with us whether the landſcape was bounded by air or water. In the firſt valley was a little town of red brick houſes, with poplars coming up amongſt them. The ruins of a caſtle and ſome water which, in olden times, had been the lake in "the pleaſaunce," were between us and the town. The clang of an anvil, or the clamour of a horn, or buſy wheelwright ſounds, came faintly up to us when the wind was ſouth.

I muſt not delay my readers longer with my goſſip, but bring them at once into the converſation that preceded our firſt reading.

MILVERTON. I tell you, Elleſmere, theſe are the only heights I care to look down from, the heights of natural ſcenery.

ELLESMERE. Pooh! my dear Milverton, it is only becauſe the particular mounds which the world calls heights, you think you have found out to be but larger ant-heaps. Whenever you have cared about anything, a man more fierce and unphiloſophical in the purſuit of it I never ſaw. To influence men's minds by writing for them, is that no ambition?

MILVERTON. It may be, but I have it not. Let any kind critic convince me that what I am now doing is uſeleſs, or has been done before, or that if I leave it undone, ſome one elſe will do it to my mind: and I ſhould fold up my papers, and watch the turnips grow in that field there, with a placidity that would, perhaps, ſeem very ſpiritleſs to your now reſtleſs and ambitious nature, Elleſmere.

ELLESMERE. If ſomething were to happen which will not, then—oh Philoſophy, Philoſophy, you, too, are a good old nurſe, and rattle your rattles for your little people, as well as old Dame World can do for hers. But what are we to have to-day for our firſt reading?

MILVERTON. An Eſſay on Truth.

ELLESMERE. Well, had I known this before, it is not the novelty of the ſubject which would have dragged me up the hill to your houſe. By the way, philoſophers

ought not to live upon hills. They are much more acceſſible, and I think quite as reaſonable, when, Diogenes-like, they live in tubs upon flat-ground. Now for the eſſay.

TRUTH.

TRUTH is a ſubject which men will not ſuffer to grow old. Each age has to fight with its own falſehoods: each man with his love of ſaying to himſelf and thoſe around him pleaſant things and things ſerviceable for to-day, rather than the things which are. Yet a child appreciates at once the divine neceſſity for truth; never aſks, "What harm is there in ſaying the thing that is not?" and an old man finds in his growing experience wider and wider applications of the great doctrine and diſcipline of truth.

Truth needs the wiſdom of the ſerpent as well as the ſimplicity of the dove. He has gone but a little way in this matter who ſuppoſes that it is an eaſy thing for a man to ſpeak the truth, "the thing he troweth;" and that it is a caſual function which may be fulfilled at once after any lapſe of exerciſe. But, in the firſt place, the man

who would ſpeak truth, muſt know what he troweth. To do that, he muſt have an uncorrupted judgment. By this is not meant a perfect judgment or even a wiſe one, but one which, however it may be biaſſed, is not bought—is ſtill a judgment. But ſome people's judgments are ſo entirely gained over by vanity, ſelfiſhneſs, paſſion, or inflated prejudices and fancies long indulged in; or they have the habit of looking at everything ſo careleſsly, that they ſee nothing truly. They cannot interpret the world of reality. And this is the ſaddeſt form of lying, "the lie that ſinketh in," as Bacon ſays, which becomes part of the character and goes on eating the reſt away.

Again, to ſpeak truth, a man muſt not only have that martial courage which goes out, with ſound of drum and trumpet, to do and ſuffer great things; but that domeſtic courage which compels him to utter ſmall-ſounding truths in ſpite of preſent inconvenience and outraged ſenſitiveneſs or ſenſibility. Then he muſt not be in any reſpect a ſlave to ſelf-intereſt. Often it ſeems as if but a little miſrepreſentation would gain a great good for us: or, perhaps, we have only to conceal ſome trifling thing, which, if told, might hinder unreaſonably, as we think, a pro-

fitable bargain. The true man takes care to tell, notwithſtanding. When we think that truth interferes at one time or another with all a man's likings, hatings and wiſhes, we muſt admit, I think, that it is the moſt comprehenſive and varied form of ſelf-denial.

Then, in addition to theſe great qualities, truth-telling in its higheſt ſenſe requires a well-balanced mind. For inſtance, much exaggeration, perhaps the moſt, is occaſioned by an impatient and eaſily moved temperament which longs to convey its own vivid impreſſions to other minds, and ſeeks by amplifying to gain the full meaſure of their ſympathy. But a true man does not think what his hearers are feeling, but what he is ſaying.

More ſtreſs might be laid, than has been, on the intellectual requiſites for truth, which are probably the beſt part of intellectual cultivation; and as much cauſed by truth as cauſing it.* But, putting the requiſites for truth at the feweſt, ſee of how large a portion of the character truth is the reſultant. If you were to make a liſt of thoſe perſons accounted the religious men of their re-

* See Stateſman, p. 30.

ſpective ages, you would have a ludicrous combination of characters eſſentially diſſimilar. But true people are kindred. Mention the eminently true men, and you will find that they are a brotherhood. There is a family likeneſs throughout them.

If we conſider the occaſions of exerciſing truthfulneſs and deſcend to particulars, we may divide the matter into the following heads—truth to one's ſelf—truth to mankind in general—truth in ſocial relations—truth in buſineſs—truth in pleaſure.

1. Truth to one's ſelf. All men have a deep intereſt that each man ſhould tell himſelf the truth. Not only will he become a better man, but he will underſtand them better. If men knew themſelves, they could not be intolerant to others.

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to ſay much about the advantage of a man knowing himſelf for himſelf. To get at the truth of any hiſtory is good: but a man's own hiſtory—when he reads that truly, and, without a mean and over-ſolicitous introſpection, knows what he is about and what he has been about, it is a bible to him. "And David ſaid unto Nathan, I have ſinned before the Lord." David knew the truth about himſelf. But truth

to one's ſelf is not merely truth about one's ſelf. It conſiſts in maintaining an openneſs and juſtneſs of ſoul which brings a man into relation with all truth. For this, all the ſenſes, if you might ſo call them, of the ſoul muſt be uninjured; that is, the affections and the perceptions muſt be juſt. For a man to ſpeak the truth to himſelf comprehends all goodneſs; and for us mortals can only be an aim.

2. Truth to mankind in general. This is a matter which, as I read it, concerns only the higher natures. Suffice it to ſay, that the withholding large truths from the world may be a betrayal of the greateſt truſt.

3. Truth in ſocial relations. Under this head come the practices of making ſpeech vary according to the perſon ſpoken to; of pretending to agree with the world when you do not; of not acting according to what is your deliberate and well adviſed opinion becauſe ſome miſchief may be made of it by perſons whoſe judgment in the matter you do not reſpect; of maintaining a wrong courſe for the ſake of conſiſtency; of encouraging the ſhow of intimacy with thoſe whom you never can be intimate with; and many things of

the ſame kind. Theſe practices have elements of charity and prudence as well as fear and meanneſs in them. Let thoſe parts which correſpond to fear and meanneſs be put aſide. Charity and prudence are not paraſitical plants which require boles of falſehood to climb up upon. It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly too; but therein lies one of the great trials of a man, that his ſincerity ſhould have kindneſs in it, and his kindneſs truth.

4. Truth in buſineſs. The more truth you can get into any buſineſs, the better. Let the other ſide know the defects of yours, let them know how you are to be ſatisfied, let there be as little to be found out as poſſible, (I ſhould ſay nothing) and if your buſineſs be an honeſt one, it will be beſt tended in this way. The talking, bargaining and delaying that would thus be needleſs, the little that would then have to be done over again, the anxiety that would be put aſide, would even in a worldly way be "great gain." It is not, perhaps, too much to ſay, that the third part of men's lives is waſted by the effect direct, or indirect, of falſehoods.

Still, let us not be ſwift to imagine that lies are never of any ſervice. A recent prime miniſter

ſaid, that he did not know about truth always prevailing and the like; but lies had been very ſucceſsful againſt his government. And this was true enough. Every lie has its day. There is no preternatural inefficacy in it by reaſon of its falſeneſs. And this is eſpecially the caſe with thoſe vague injurious reports which are no man's lies, but all men's careleſſneſs. But even as regards ſpecial and unmiſtakeable falſehood, we muſt admit that it has its ſucceſs. A complete being might deceive with wonderful effect; however, as nature, is always againſt a liar, it is great odds in the caſe of ordinary mortals. Wolſey talks of

"Negligence
"Fit for a fool to fall by,"

when he gives Henry the wrong packet; but the Cardinal was quite miſtaken. That kind of negligence was juſt the thing of which far-ſeeing and thoughtful men are capable; and which, if there were no higher motive, ſhould induce them to rely on truth alone. A very cloſe vulpine nature, all eyes, all ears, may ſucceed better in deceit. But it is a ſleepleſs buſineſs. Yet, ſtrange to ſay, it is had recourſe to in the moſt ſpendthrift faſhion, as the firſt and eaſieſt thing that comes to hand.

In connexion with truth in buſineſs, it may be obſerved that if you are a truthful man, you ſhould be watchful over thoſe whom you employ; for your ſubordinate agents are often fond of lying for your intereſts, as they think. Show them at once that you do not think with them, and that you will diſconcert any of their inventions by breaking in with the truth. If you ſuffer the fear of ſeeming unkind to prevent your thruſting well meant inventions aſide, you may get as much pledged to falſehoods as if you had coined and uttered them yourſelf.

5. Truth in pleaſure. Men have been ſaid to be ſincere in their pleaſures; but this is only that the taſte and habits of men are more eaſily diſcernible in pleaſure than in buſineſs. The want of truth is as great a hinderance to the one as to the other. Indeed, there is ſo much inſincerity and formality in the pleaſurable department of human life, eſpecially in ſocial pleaſures, that inſtead of a bloom there is a ſlime upon it, which deadens and corrupts the thing. One of the moſt comical ſights to ſuperior beings muſt be to ſee two human creatures with elaborate ſpeech and geſtures making each other exquiſitely uncom-

fortable from civility: the one preſſing what he is moſt anxious that the other ſhould not accept, and the other accepting only from the fear of giving offence by refuſal. There is an element of charity in all this too; and it will be the buſineſs of a juſt and refined nature to be ſincere and conſiderate at the ſame time. This will be better done by enlarging our ſympathy, ſo that more things and people are pleaſant to us, than by increaſing the civil and conventional part of our nature, ſo that we are able to do more ſeeming with greater ſkill and endurance. Of other falſe hinderances to pleaſure, ſuch as oſtentation and pretences of all kinds, there is neither charity nor comfort in them. They may be got rid of altogether and no moaning made over them. Truth, which is one of the largeſt creatures, opens out the way to the heights of enjoyment as well as to the depths of ſelf-denial.

It is difficult to think too highly of the merits and delights of truth; but there is often in men's minds an exaggerated notion of ſome bit of truth, which proves a great aſſiſtance to falſehood. For inſtance, the ſhame of ſome particular ſmall falſehood, exaggeration, or inſincerity becomes a bugbear which ſcares a man into a career of falſe

dealing. He has begun making a furrow a little out of the line, and he ploughs on in it, to try and give ſome conſiſtency and meaning to it. He wants almoſt to perſuade himſelf that it was not wrong, and entirely to hide the wrongneſs from others. This is a tribute to the majeſty of truth: alſo to the world's opinion about truth. It proceeds, too, upon the notion that all falſehoods are equal, which is not the caſe; or on ſome fond craving for a ſhow of perfection, which is ſometimes very inimical to the reality. The practical, as well as the highminded, view in ſuch caſes, is for a man to think how he can be true now. To attain that, it may, even for this world, be worth while for a man to admit that he is inconſiſtent, and even that he has been untrue. His hearers, did they know anything of themſelves, would be fully aware that he was not ſingular, except in the courage of owning his inſincerity.

ELLESMERE. That laſt part requires thinking about. If you were to permit men, without great loſs of reputation, to own that they had been inſincere, you might break down ſome of that majeſty of truth you talk about.

And bad men might avail themſelves of any facilities of owning inſincerity, to commit more of it. I can imagine that the apprehenſion of this might reſtrain a man from making any ſuch admiſſion as you allude to, even if he could make up his mind to do it otherwiſe.

MILVERTON. Yes; but can anything be worſe than a man going on in a falſe courſe? Each man muſt look to his own truthfulneſs, and keep that up as well as he can, even at the riſk of ſaying, or doing, ſomething which may be turned to ill account by others. We may think too much about this reflection of our external ſelves. Let the real ſelf be right. I am not ſo fanciful as to expect men to go about clamouring that they have been falſe; but at no riſk of letting people ſee that, or of even being obliged to own it, ſhould they perſevere in it.

DUNSFORD. Milverton is right, I think.

ELLESMERE. Do not imagine that I am behind either of you in a wiſh to hold up truth. My only doubt was as to the mode. For my own part, I have ſuch faith in truth, that I take it mere concealment is in moſt caſes a miſchief. And I ſhould ſay, for inſtance, that a wiſe man would be ſorry that his fellows ſhould think better of him than he deſerves. By the way, that is a reaſon why I ſhould not like to be a writer of moral eſſays, Milverton—one ſhould be ſuppoſed to be ſo very good.

MILVERTON. Only by thoughtleſs people then. There is a ſaying given to Rouſſeau, not that he ever did ſay it, for I believe it was a miſprint, but it was a poſſible ſaying for him: "chaque homme qui penſe eſt méchant." Now,

without going the length of this aphoriſm, we may ſay that what has been well written, has been well ſuffered.

" He beſt can paint them who has felt them moſt."

And, ſo, though we ſhould not exactly declare that writers, who have had much moral influence, have been wicked men, yet we may admit that they have been amongſt the moſt ſtruggling, which implies anything but ſerene ſelf-poſſeſſion and perfect ſpotleſſneſs. If you take the great ones, Luther, Shakeſpeare, Goethe, you ſee this at once.

DUNSFORD. David, St. Paul.

MILVERTON. Such men are like great rocks on the ſea ſhore. By their reſiſtance, terraces of level land are formed; but the rocks themſelves bear many ſcars and ugly indents, while the ſea of human difficulty preſents the ſame unwrinkled appearance in all ages. Yet it has been driven back.

ELLESMERE. But has it loſt any of its bulk, or only gone elſewhere? One part of the reſemblance certainly is, that theſe ſame rocks, which were bulwarks, become, in their turn, dangers.

MILVERTON. Yes, there is always loſs in that way. It is ſeldom given to man to do unmixed good. But it was not this aſpect of the ſimile that I was thinking of: it was the ſcarred appearance.

DUNSFORD. Scars, not always, of defeat or flight: ſcars in the front.

MILVERTON. Ah, it hardly does for us to talk of vic-

tory, or defeat, in these cases; but we may look at the contest itself as something not bad, terminate how it may. We lament over a man's sorrows, struggles, disasters and shortcomings; yet they were possessions too. We talk of the origin of evil and the permission of evil. But what is evil? We mostly speak of sufferings and trials as good, perhaps, in their result; but we hardly admit that they may be good in themselves. Yet they are knowledge—how else to be acquired, unless by making men as gods, enabling them to understand without experience. All that men go through may be absolutely the best for them—no such thing as evil, at least in our customary meaning of the word. But, you will say, they might have been created different and higher. See where this leads to. Any sentient being may set up the same claim: a fly that it had not been made a man: and so the end would be, that each would complain of not being all.

Ellesmere. Say it all over again, my dear Milverton; it is rather hard. [Milverton did so, in nearly the same words] I think I have heard it all before. But you may have it as you please. I do not say this irreverently, but the truth is, I am too old and too earthy to enter upon these subjects. I think, however, that the view is a stouthearted one. It is somewhat in the same vein of thought that you see in Carlyle's Works about the contempt of happiness. But in all these cases, one is apt to think of the sage in Rasselas, who is very wise about human misery, till he loses his daughter. Your fly illus-

tration has ſomething in it. Certainly when men talk big about what might have been done for man, they omit to think what might be ſaid on ſimilar grounds, for each ſentient creature in the univerſe. But here have we been meandering off into origin of evil, and uſes of great men, and wickedneſs of writers, &c., whereas I meant to have ſaid ſomething about the eſſay. How would you anſwer what Bacon maintains? "A mix-"ture of a lie doth ever add pleaſure."

MILVERTON. He is not ſpeaking of the lies of ſocial life, but of ſelf-deception. He goes on to claſs under that head "vain opinions, flattering hopes, falſe valua-"tions, imaginations as one would." Theſe things are the ſweetneſs of "the lie that ſinketh in." Many a man has a kind of mental kaleidoſcope, where the bits of broken glaſs are his own merits and fortunes, and they fall into harmonious arrangements and delight him —often moſt miſchievouſly and to his ultimate detriment, but they are a preſent pleaſure.

ELLESMERE. Well, I am going to be true in my pleaſures: to take a long walk alone. I have got a difficult caſe for an opinion, which I muſt go and think over.

DUNSFORD. Shall we have another reading to-morrow?

MILVERTON. Yes, if you are both in the humour for it.

CHAPTER II.

As the next day was fine, we agreed to have our reading in the ſame ſpot that I have deſcribed before. There was ſcarcely any converſation worth noting, until after Milverton had read us the following eſſay on conformity.

CONFORMITY.

THE conformity of men is often a far poorer thing than that which reſembles it amongſt the lower animals. The monkey imitates from imitative ſkill and gameſomeneſs: the ſheep is gregarious, having no ſufficient will to form an independent project of its own. But man often loathes what he imitates, and conforms to what he knows to be wrong.

It will ever be one of the niceſt problems for a man to ſolve, how far he ſhall profit by the thoughts of other men, and not be enſlaved by them. He comes into the world, and finds ſwad-

dling clothes ready for his mind as well as his body. There is a vaſt ſcheme of ſocial machinery ſet up about him; and he has to diſcern how he can make it work with him and for him, without becoming part of the machinery himſelf. In this lie the anguiſh and the ſtruggle of the greateſt minds. Moſt ſad are they, having moſtly the deepeſt ſympathies, when they find themſelves breaking off from communion with other minds. They would go on, if they could, with the opinions around them. But, happily, there is ſomething to which a man owes a larger allegiance than to any human affection. He would be content to go away from a falſe thing, or quietly to proteſt againſt it; but in ſpite of him the ſtrife in his heart breaks into burning utterance by word or deed.

Few, however, are thoſe who venture, even for the ſhorteſt time, into that hazy world of independent thought, where a man is not upheld by a crowd of other men's opinions, but where he muſt find a footing of his own. Among the maſs of men, there is little or no reſiſtance to conformity. Could the hiſtory of opinions be fully written, it would be ſeen how large a part in human proceedings the love of conformity, or

rather the fear of non-conformity, has occaſioned. It has triumphed over all other fears; over love, hate, pity, ſloth, anger, truth, pride, comfort, ſelf-intereſt, vanity and maternal love. It has torn down the ſenſe of beauty in the human ſoul, and ſet up in its place little ugly idols which it compels us tō worſhip with more than Japaneſe devotion. It has contradicted nature in the moſt obvious things, and been liſtened to with abject ſubmiſſion. Its empire has been no leſs extenſive than deep-ſeated. The ſerf to cuſtom points his finger at the ſlave to faſhion—as if it ſignified whether it is an old, or a new, thing which is irrationally conformed to. The man of letters deſpiſes both the ſlaves of faſhion and of cuſtom, but often runs his narrow career of thought, ſhut up, though he ſees it not, within cloſe walls which he does not venture even to peep over.

It is hard to ſay in what department of human thought and endeavour conformity has triumphed moſt. Religion comes to one's mind firſt; and well it may, when one thinks what men have conformed to in all ages in that matter. If we paſs to art, or ſcience, we ſhall ſee there too the wondrous ſlavery which men have endured—from puny fetters moreover, which one ſtirring

thought would, as we think, have burſt aſunder. The above, however, are matters not within every one's cognizance; ſome of them are ſhut in by learning or the ſhow of it; and plain "practical" men would ſay, they follow where they have no buſineſs but to follow. But the way in which the human body ſhall be covered is not a thing for the ſcientific and the learned only: and is allowed on all hands to concern, in no ſmall degree, one half at leaſt of the creation. It is in ſuch a ſimple thing as dreſs that each of us may form ſome eſtimate of the extent of conformity in the world. A wiſe nation, unſubdued by ſuperſtition, with the collected experience of peaceful ages, concludes that female feet are to be clothed by cruſhing them. The ſtill wiſer nations of the weſt have adopted a ſwifter mode of deſtroying health, and creating angularity, by cruſhing the upper part of the female body. In ſuch matters nearly all people conform. Our brother man is ſeldom ſo bitter againſt us, as when we refuſe to adopt at once his notions of the infinite. But even religious diſſent were leſs dangerous and more reſpectable than diſſent in dreſs. If you want to ſee what men will do in the way of conformity, take a European hat for your ſubject

of meditation. I dare ſay there are twenty-two millions of people at this minute, each wearing one of theſe hats in order to pleaſe the reſt. As in the fine arts, and in architecture eſpecially, ſo in dreſs, ſomething is often retained that was uſeful when ſomething elſe was beſide it. To go to architecture for an inſtance, a pinnacle is retained, not that it is of any uſe where it is, but in another kind of building it would have been. That ſtyle of building, as a whole, has gone out of faſhion, but the pinnacle has ſomehow or other kept its ground and muſt be there, no one infolently going back to firſt principles and aſking what is the uſe and object of building pinnacles. Similar inſtances in dreſs will occur to my readers. Some of us are not ſkilled in ſuch affairs; but looking at old pictures we may ſometimes ſee how modern clothes have attained their preſent pitch of frightfulneſs and inconvenience. This matter of dreſs is one in which, perhaps, you might expect the wiſe to conform to the fooliſh: and they have.

When we have once come to a right eſtimate of the ſtrength of conformity, we ſhall, I think, be more kindly diſpoſed to eccentricity than we uſually are. Even a wilful or an abſurd eccen-

tricity is ſome ſupport againſt the weighty common-place conformity of the world. If it were not for ſome ſingular people who perſiſt in thinking for themſelves, in ſeeing for themſelves, and in being comfortable, we ſhould all collapſe into a hideous uniformity.

It is worth while to analyſe that influence of the world which is the right arm of conformity. Some perſons bend to the world in all things, from an innocent belief that what ſo many people think muſt be right. Others have a vague fear of the world as of ſome wild beaſt which may ſpring out upon them at any time. Tell them they are ſafe in their houſes from this myriad-eyed creature: they ſtill are ſure that they ſhall meet with it ſome day, and would propitiate its favour at any ſacrifice. Many men contract their idea of the world to their own circle, and what they imagine to be ſaid in that circle of friends and acquaintances is their idea of public opinion—"as if," to uſe a ſaying of Southey's, "a number "of worldlings made a world." With ſome unfortunate people, the much dreaded "world" ſhrinks into one perſon of more mental power than their own, or, perhaps merely of coarſer

nature: and the fancy as to what this perſon will ſay about anything they do, ſits upon them like a nightmare. Happy the man who can embark his ſmall adventure of deeds and thoughts upon the ſhallow waters round his home, or ſend them afloat on the wide ſea of humanity, with no great anxiety in either caſe as to what reception they may meet with! He would have them ſteer by the ſtars, and take what wind may come to them.

A reaſonable watchfulneſs againſt conformity will not lead a man to ſpurn the aid of other men, ſtill leſs to reject the accumulated mental capital of ages. It does not compel us to dote upon the advantages of ſavage life. We would not forego the hard-earned gains of civil ſociety becauſe there is ſomething in moſt of them which tends to contract the natural powers, although it vaſtly aids them. We would not, for inſtance, return to the monoſyllabic utterance of barbarous men, becauſe in any formed language there are a thouſand ſnares for the underſtanding. Yet we muſt be moſt watchful of them. And in all things, a man muſt beware of ſo conforming himſelf, as to cruſh his nature and forego the pur-

poſe of his being. We muſt look to other ſtandards than what men may ſay or think. We muſt not abjectly bow down before rules and uſages; but muſt refer to principles and purpoſes. In few words, we muſt think, not whom we are following, but what we are doing. If not, why are we gifted with individual life at all? Uniformity does not conſiſt with the higher forms of vitality. Even the leaves of the ſame tree are ſaid to differ, each one from all the reſt. And can it be good for the ſoul of a man "with a biography of its own like to no one elſe's," to ſubject itſelf without thought to the opinions and ways of others: not to grow into ſymmetry, but to be moulded down into conformity?

ELLESMERE. Well, I rather like that Eſſay. I was afraid, at firſt, it was going to have more of the fault into which you eſſay-writers generally fall, of being a comment on the abuſe of a thing, and not on the thing itſelf. There always ſeems to me to want another eſſay on the other ſide. But I think at the end, you protect yourſelf againſt miſconſtruction. In the ſpirit of the

eſſay you know of courſe that I quite agree with you. Indeed, I differ from all the ordinary biographers of that independent gentleman, Don't Care. I believe Don't Care came to a good end. At any rate he came to ſome end. Whereas numbers of people never have beginning, or ending, of their own. An obſcure dramatiſt, Milverton, whom we know of, makes one of his characters ſay, in reply to ſome world-fearing wretch:

" While you, you think
" What others think, or what you think they'll ſay,
" Shaping your courſe by ſomething ſcarce more tangible
" Than dreams, at beſt the ſhadows on the ſtream
" Of aſpen trees by flickering breezes ſwayed—
" Load me with irons, drive me from morn till night,
" I am not the utter ſlave which that man is,
" Whoſe ſole word, thought, and deed, are built on what
" The world may ſay of him."

MILVERTON. Never mind the obſcure dramatiſt. But, Elleſmere, you really are unreaſonable, if you ſuppoſe, that, in the limits of a ſhort eſſay, you can accurately diſtinguiſh in all you write between the uſe and the abuſe of a thing. The queſtion is, will people miſunderſtand you—not, is the language ſuch as to be logically impregnable? Now, in the preſent caſe, no man will really ſuppoſe it is a wiſe and juſt conformity that I am inveighing againſt.

ELLESMERE. I am not ſure of that. If everybody is to have independent thought, would there not be a fearful inſtability and want of compactneſs? Another thing, too—conformity often ſaves ſo much time and trouble.

MILVERTON. Yes; it has its uſes. I do not mean, in the world of opinion and morality, that it ſhould be all elaſticity and no gravitation: but at leaſt enough elaſticity to preſerve natural form and independent being.

ELLESMERE. I think it would have been better if you had turned the eſſay another way, and inſtead of making it on conformity had made it on interference. That is the greater miſchief and the greater folly, I think. Why do people unreaſonably conform? Becauſe they fear unreaſonable interference. War, I ſay, is interference on a ſmall ſcale compared with the interference of private life. Then the abſurdity on which it proceeds; that men are all alike, or that it is deſirable that they ſhould be; and that what is good for one is good for all.

DUNSFORD. I muſt ſay I think, Milverton, you do not give enough credit for ſympathy, good-nature, and humility as material elements in the conformity of the world.

ELLESMERE. I am not afraid, my dear Dunsford, of the eſſay doing much harm. There is a power of ſleepy conformity in the world. You may juſt ſtartle your conformiſts for a minute, but they gravitate into their old way very ſoon. You talk of their humility, Dunsford, but I have heard people who have conformed to opinions, without a pretence of inveſtigation, as arrogant and intolerant towards anybody who differed from them, as if they ſtood upon a pinnacle of independent ſagacity and reſearch.

DUNSFORD. One never knows, Ellesmere, on which side you are. I thought you were on mine a minute or two ago; and now you come down upon me with more than Milverton's anti-conforming spirit.

ELLESMERE. The greatest mischief, as I take it, of this slavish conformity, is in the reticence it creates. People will be, what are called, intimate friends, and yet no real interchange of opinion takes place between them. A man keeps his doubts, his difficulties and his peculiar opinions to himself. He is afraid of letting anybody know that he does not exactly agree with the world's theories on all points. There is no telling the hindrance that this is to truth.

MILVERTON. A great cause of this, Ellesmere, is in the little reliance you can have on any man's secrecy. A man finds that what, in the heat of discussion, and in the perfect carelessness of friendship, he has said to his friend, is quoted to people whom he would never have said it to; knowing that it would be sure to be misunderstood, or half-understood, by them. And so he grows cautious; and is very loath to communicate to anybody his more cherished opinions, unless they fall in exactly with the stream. Added to which, I think there is in these times less than there ever was, of a proselytising spirit: and people are content to keep their opinions to themselves—more, perhaps, from indifference than from fear.

ELLESMERE. Yes, I agree with you.

By the way I think your taking dress as an illustration

of extreme conformity is not bad. Really it is wonderful the degree of ſquare and dull hideouſneſs to which, in the proceſs of time and tailoring, and by ſevere conformity, the human creature's outward appearance has arrived. Look at a crowd of men from a height, what an ugly ſet of ants they appear! Myſelf, when I ſee an Eaſtern man, one of the people attached to their ambaſſies, ſweeping by us in ſomething flowing and ſtately, I feel inclined to take off my hat to him (only that I think the hat might frighten him), and ſay, here is a great, unhatted, uncravated, bearded man, not a creature clipt and twiſted and tortured into tailorhood.

Dunsford. Elleſmere broke in upon me juſt now, ſo that I did not ſay all that I meant to ſay. But, Milverton, what would you admit that we are to conform to? In ſilencing the general voice, may we not give too much opportunity to our own head-ſtrong ſuggeſtions, and to wilful licenſe?

Milverton. Yes: to be ſomewhat deaf to the din of the world may be no gain, even loſs, if then we only liſten more to the worſt part of ourſelves: but in itſelf it is a good thing to ſilence that din. It is at leaſt a beginning of good. If anything good is then gained, it is not a ſheepiſh tendency, but an independent reſolve growing out of our nature. And, after all, when we talk of non-conformity, it may only be that we non-conform to the immediate ſect of thought or action about us, to conform to a much wider thing in human nature.

ELLESMERE. Ah me! how one wants a moral eſſayiſt always at hand to enable one to make uſe of moral eſſays.

MILVERTON. Your rules of law are grand things—the proverbs of juſtice; yet has not each caſe its ſpecialities, requiring to be argued with much circumſtance, and capable of different interpretations? Words cannot be made into men.

DUNSFORD. I wonder you anſwer his ſneers, Milverton.

ELLESMERE. I muſt go and ſee whether words cannot be made into guineas: and then guineas into men is an eaſy thing. Theſe trains will not wait even for critics, ſo, for the preſent, good bye.

CHAPTER III.

ELLESMERE ſoon wrote us word that he would be able to come down again: and I agreed to be at Worth-Aſhton (Milverton's houſe) on the day of his arrival. I had ſcarcely ſeated myſelf at our uſual place of meeting before the friends entered, and after greeting me, the converſation thus began:

ELLESMERE. Upon my word, you people who live in the country have a pleaſant time of it. As Milverton was driving me from the ſtation through Durley Wood, there was ſuch a rich ſmell of pines, ſuch a twittering of birds, ſo much joy, ſunſhine and beauty, that I began to think, if there were no ſuch place as London, it really would be very deſirable to live in the country.

MILVERTON. What a climax! But I am always very ſuſpicious when Elleſmere appears to be carried away by any enthuſiaſm, that it will break off ſuddenly, like the gallop of a poſt horſe.

DUNSFORD. Well, what are we to have for our eſſay?

MILVERTON. Deſpair.

ELLESMERE. I feel equal to anything juſt now, and ſo, if it muſt be read ſometime or other, let us have it now.

MILVERTON. You need not be afraid. I want to take away, not to add, gloom. Shall I read?

We aſſented, and he began.

DESPAIR.

DESPAIR may be ſerviceable when it ariſes from a temporary proſtration of ſpirits; during which the mind is inſenſibly healing, and her ſcattered powers ſilently returning. This is better than to be the ſport of a teaſing hope without reaſon. But to indulge in deſpair as a habit, is ſlothful, cowardly, ſhort-ſighted; and manifeſtly tends againſt nature. Deſpair is then the paralyſis of the ſoul.

Theſe are the principal cauſes of deſpair: remorſe, the ſorrows of the affections, worldly trouble, morbid views of religion, native melancholy.

REMORSE.

Remorſe does but add to the evil which bred it, when it promotes, not penitence, but deſpair. To have erred in one branch of our duties does not unfit us for the performance of all the reſt, unleſs we ſuffer the dark ſpot to ſpread over our whole nature, which may happen almoſt unobſerved in the torpor of deſpair. This kind of deſpair is chiefly grounded on a fooliſh belief that individual words or actions conſtitute the whole life of man: whereas they are often not fair repreſentatives of portions even of that life. The fragments of rock in a mountain ſtream may tell much of its hiſtory, are in fact reſults of its doings, but they are not the ſtream. They were brought down when it was turbid; it may now be clear: they are as much the reſult of other circumſtances as of the action of the ſtream: their hiſtory is fitful: they give us no ſure intelligence of the future courſe of the ſtream, or of the nature of its waters: and may ſcarcely ſhow more than that it has not been always as it is. The actions of men are often but little better indications of the men themſelves.

A prolonged deſpair ariſing from remorſe is

unreaſonable at any age, but if poſſible, ſtill more ſo when felt by the young. To think, for example, that the great being who made us, could have made eternal ruin and miſery inevitable to a poor half-fledged creature of eighteen or nineteen! And yet how often has the profoundeſt deſpair from remorſe brooded over children of that age and eaten into their hearts.

There is frequently much ſelfiſhneſs about remorſe. Put what has been done at the worſt. Let a man ſee his own evil word, or deed, in full light, and own it to be black as hell itſelf. He is ſtill here. He cannot be iſolated. There ſtill remain for him cares and duties; and, therefore, hopes. Let him not in imagination link all creation to his fate. Let him yet live in the welfare of others, and, if it may be ſo, work out his own in this way: if not, be content with theirs. The ſaddeſt cauſe of remorſeful deſpair is when a man does ſomething expreſsly contrary to his character: when an honourable man, for inſtance, ſlides into ſome diſhonourable action: or a tender-hearted man falls into cruelty from careleſſneſs: or, as often happens, a ſenſitive nature continues to give the greateſt pain to others from temper, feeling all the time, perhaps, more deeply than

the perſons aggrieved. All theſe caſes may be ſummed up in the words, "That which I would not, that I do," the ſaddeſt of all human confeſſions, made by one of the greateſt men. However, the evil cannot be mended by deſpair. Hope and humility are the only ſupports under this burthen. As Mr. Carlyle ſays,

"What are faults, what are the outward details of a "life; if the inner ſecret of it, the remorſe, temptations, "true, often-baffled, never-ended ſtruggle of it, be for- "gotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his "ſteps.' Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the "moſt divine? The deadlieſt ſin, I ſay, were that ſame "ſupercilious conſciouſneſs of no ſin;—that is death; the "heart ſo conſcious is divorced from ſincerity, humility "and fact; is dead: it is 'pure' as dead dry ſand is pure. "David's life and hiſtory, as written for us in thoſe "Pſalms of his, I conſider to be the trueſt emblem ever "given of a man's moral progreſs and warfare here "below. All earneſt ſouls will ever diſcern in it the "faithful ſtruggle of an earneſt human ſoul towards what "is good and beſt. Struggle often baffled, ſore baffled, "down as into entire wreck; yet a ſtruggle never ended; "ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable pur- "poſe, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a "man's walking, in truth, always that: 'a ſucceſſion of "falls?' Man can do no other. In this wild element "of a Life, he has to ſtruggle onwards; now fallen,

" deep-abaſed; and ever, with tears, repentance, with " bleeding heart, he has to riſe again, ſtruggle again ſtill " onwards. That his ſtruggle *be* a faithful unconquer- " able one: that is the queſtion of queſtions."

THE SORROWS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

The loſs by death of thoſe we love has the firſt place in theſe ſorrows. Yet the feeling in this caſe, even when carried to the higheſt, is not exactly deſpair, having too much warmth in it for that. Not much can be ſaid in the way of comfort on this head. Queen Elizabeth, in her hard, wiſe way, writing to a mother who had loſt her ſon, tells her that ſhe will be comforted in time; and why ſhould ſhe not do for herſelf what the mere lapſe of time will do for her? Brave words! And the ſtern woman, more earneſt than the ſage in Raſſelas, would have tried their virtue on herſelf. But I fear they fell ſomewhat coldly on the mother's ear. Happily, in theſe bereavements, kind nature with her opiates, day by day adminiſtered, does more than all the ſkill of the phyſician-moraliſts. Sir Thomas Browne ſays,

" Darkneſs and light divide the courſe of time, and " oblivion ſhares with memory a great part even of our

" living beings; we ſlightly remember our felicities, and " the ſmarteſt ſtrokes of affliction leave but ſhort ſmart " upon us. Senſe endureth no extremities, and ſorrows " deſtroy us or themſelves. To weep into ſtones are " fables. Afflictions induce calloſities, miſeries are ſlip- " pery, or fall like ſnow upon us, which, notwithſtand- " ing, is no unhappy ſtupidity. To be ignorant of evils " to come, and forgetful of evils paſt, is a merciful pro- " viſion in nature, whereby we digeſt the mixture of " our few and evil days, and our delivered ſenſes not " relapſing into cutting remembrances, our ſorrows are " not kept raw by the edge of repetitions."

The good knight thus makes much comfort out of our phyſical weakneſs. But ſomething may be done in a very different direction, namely by ſpiritual ſtrength. By elevating and purifying the ſorrow, we may take it more out of matter as it were, and ſo feel leſs the loſs of what is material about it.

The other ſorrows of the affections which may produce deſpair, are thoſe in which the affections are wounded, as jealouſy, love unrequited, friend- ſhip betrayed, and the like. As, in deſpair from remorſe, the whole life ſeems to be involved in one action; ſo, in the deſpair we are now con- ſidering, the whole life appears to be ſhut up in the one unpropitious affection. Yet human na-

ture, if fairly treated, is too large a thing to be ſuppreſſed into deſpair by one affection, however potent. We might imagine that if there were anything that would rob life of its ſtrength and ſavour, it is domeſtic unhappineſs. And yet how numerous is the band of thoſe whom we know to have been eminently unhappy in ſome domeſtic relation, but whoſe lives have been full of vigorous and kindly action. Indeed the culture of the world has been largely carried on by ſuch men. As long as there is life in the plant, though it be ſadly pent in, it will grow towards any opening of light that is left for it.

WORLDLY TROUBLE.

This appears too mean a ſubject for deſpair; or, at leaſt, unworthy of having any remedy, or ſoothing, thought out for it. Whether a man lives in a large room or a ſmall one, rides or is obliged to walk, gets a plenteous dinner every day or a ſparing one, do not ſeem matters for deſpair. But the truth is, that worldly trouble, ſuch for inſtance as loſs of fortune, is ſeldom the ſimple thing that poets would perſuade us.

> "The little or the much ſhe gave is quietly reſigned,
> "Content with poverty my ſoul I arm,
> "And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm."

So ſings Dryden, paraphraſing Horace, but each of them, with their knowledge of the world, croſs-queſtioned in proſe, could have told us how the ſtings of fortune really are felt. The truth is, that fortune is not exactly a diſtinct iſolated thing which can be taken away—"and there an end." But much has to be ſevered, with undoubted pain in the operation. A man moſtly feels that his reputation for ſagacity, often his honour, the comfort too, or ſuppoſed comfort, of others are embarked in his fortunes. Mere ſtoiciſm, and reſolves about fitting fortune to one's ſelf, not one's ſelf to fortune, though good things enough in their way, will not always meet the whole of the caſe. And a man who could bear perſonal diſtreſs of any kind with Spartan indifference, may ſuffer himſelf to be overwhelmed by deſpair growing out of worldly trouble. A frequent origin of ſuch deſpair, as, indeed, of all deſpair, (not by any means excluding deſpair from remorſe) is pride. Let a man ſay to himſelf, "I am not the perfect character I meant to "be; this is not the conduct I had imagined "for myſelf; theſe are not the fortunate circum-"ſtances I had always intended to be ſurrounded "by." Let him at once admit that he is on a

lower level than his ideal one; and then ſee what is to be done there. This ſeems the beſt way of treating all that part of worldly trouble which conſiſts of ſelf-reproval. We ſcarcely know of any outward life continuouſly proſperous: (and a very dull one it would be): why ſhould we expect the inner life to be one courſe of unbroken ſelf-improvement, either in prudence, or in virtue?

Before a man gives way to exceſſive grief about the fortunes of his family being loſt with his own, he ſhould think whether he really knows wherein lies the welfare of others. Give him ſome fairy power, inexhauſtible purſes or magic lamps, not, however, applying to the mind; and ſee whether he could make thoſe whom he would favour, good or happy. In the Eaſt they have a proverb of this kind, Happy are the children of thoſe fathers who go to the evil one. But for anything that our weſtern experience ſhows, the proverb might be reverſed, and, inſtead of running thus, happy are the ſons of thoſe who have got money any how, it might be, happy are the ſons of thoſe who have failed in getting money. In fact there is no ſound proverb to be made about it either way. We know nothing about the matter. Our ſureſt influence for good

or evil over others is through themſelves. Our ignorance of what is phyſically good for any man may ſurely prevent anything like deſpair with regard to that part of the fortunes of others dear to us, which, as we think, is bound up with our own.

MORBID VIEWS OF RELIGION.

As religion is the moſt engroſſing ſubject that can be preſented to us, it will be conſidered in all ſtates of mind and by all minds. It is impoſſible but that the moſt hideous and perverted views of religion muſt ariſe. To combat the particular views which may be ſuppoſed to cauſe religious deſpair, would be too theological an undertaking for this eſſay. One thing only occurs to me to ſay, namely, that the lives and the mode of ſpeaking about themſelves adopted by the founders of Chriſtianity, afford the beſt contradiction to religious melancholy that I believe can be met with.

NATIVE MELANCHOLY.

There is ſuch a thing. Jacques, without the "ſundry contemplation" of his travels, or any "ſimples" to "compound" his melancholy from, would ever have been wrapped in a "moſt hu-

morous ſadneſs." It was innate. This melancholy may lay its votaries open to any other cauſe of deſpair, but having moſtly ſome touch of philoſophy, (if it be not abſolutely morbid) it is not unlikely to preſerve them from any extremity. It is not acute, but chronic.

It may be ſaid in its favour that it tends to make men indifferent to their own fortunes. But then the ſorrow of the world preſſes more deeply upon them. With large open hearts, the untowardneſs of things preſent, the miſeries of the paſt, the miſchief, ſtupidity and error which reign in the world, at times almoſt cruſh your melancholy men. Still, out of their ſadneſs may come their ſtrength, or, at leaſt, the beſt direction of it. Nothing, perhaps, is loſt: not even ſin—much leſs, ſorrow.

ELLESMERE. I am glad you have ended as you have: for, previouſly, you ſeemed to make too much of getting rid of all diſtreſs of mind. I always liked that paſſage in "Philip Van Artevelde," where Father John ſays,

"He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
"Eternity mourns that."

You have a better memory than I have: how does it go on?

MILVERTON.

" 'Tis an ill cure
" For life's worſt ills, to have no time to feel them.
" Where ſorrow's held intruſive and turned out,
" There wiſdom will not enter, nor true power,
" Nor aught that dignifies humanity."

Still this does not juſtify deſpair which was what I was writing about.

ELLESMERE. Perhaps it was not a juſt criticiſm of mine. One part of the ſubject you have certainly omitted. You do not tell us how much there often is of phyſical diſorder in deſpair. I dare ſay you will think it a coarſe and unromantic mode of looking at things; but I muſt confeſs I agree with what Leigh Hunt has ſaid ſomewhere, that one can walk down diſtreſs of mind—even remorſe, perhaps.

MILVERTON. Yes: I am for the Peripatetics againſt all other philoſophers.

ELLESMERE. By the way there is a paſſage in one of Hazlitt's eſſays, I thought of while you were reading, about remorſe and religious melancholy. He ſpeaks of mixing up religion and morality; and then goes on to ſay, that Calviniſtic notions have obſcured and prevented ſelf-knowledge.*

* The paſſage which muſt have been alluded to is this, " The " ſtricter tenets of Calviniſm, which allow of no medium between " grace and reprobation, and doom man to eternal puniſhment for " every breach of the moral law, as an equal offence againſt in-

Give me the Eſſay—there is a paſſage I want to look at. This compariſon of life to a mountain ſtream, the rocks brought down by it being the actions, is too much worked out. When we ſpeak of ſimiles not going on four legs, it implies, I think, that a ſimile is at beſt but a four-legged animal. Now this is almoſt a centipede of a ſimile. I think I have had the ſame thought as yours here, and I have compared the life of an individual to a curve. You both ſmile. Now I thought that Dunsford at any rate would be pleaſed with this reminiſcence of college days. But to proceed with my curve. You may have numbers of the points, through which it paſſes, given; and yet know nothing of the nature of the curve itſelf. See, now, it ſhall paſs through here and here, but how it will go in the interval, what is the

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" finite truth and juſtice, proceed (like the paradoxical doctrine " of the Stoics) from taking a half-view of this ſubject, and con- " ſidering man as amenable only to the dictates of his underſtand- " ing and his conſcience, and not excuſable from the temptations " and frailty of human ignorance and paſſion. The mixing up " of religion and morality together, or the making us account- " able for every word, thought, or action, under no leſs a reſpon- " ſibility than one everlaſting future welfare or miſery, has alſo " added incalculably to the difficulties of ſelf-knowledge, has " ſuperinduced a violent and ſpurious ſtate of feeling, and made " it almoſt impoſſible to diſtinguiſh the boundaries between the " true and falſe, in judging of human conduct and motives. A " religious man is afraid of looking into the ſtate of his ſoul, leſt " at the ſame time he ſhould reveal it to Heaven; and tries to " perſuade himſelf that by ſhutting his eyes to his true character " and feelings, they will remain a profound ſecret, both here and " hereafter."

law of its being, we know not. But this ſimile would be too mathematical, I fear.

MILVERTON. I hold to the centipede.

ELLESMERE. Not a word has Dunsford ſaid all this time.

DUNSFORD. I like the Eſſay. I was not criticiſing as we went along, but thinking that, perhaps, the greateſt charm of books is, that we ſee in them that other men have ſuffered what we have. Some ſouls we ever find who could have reſponded to all our agony, be it what it may. This at leaſt robs miſery of its lonelineſs.

ELLESMERE. On the other hand, the charm of intercourſe with our fellows, when we are in ſadneſs, is that they do not reflect it in any way. Each keeps his own trouble to himſelf, and often pretending to think and care about other things, comes to do ſo for the time.

DUNSFORD. Well, but you might chooſe books which would not reflect your troubles.

ELLESMERE. But the fact of having to make a choice to do this, does away, perhaps, with ſome part of the benefit: whereas, in intercourſe with living men, you take what you find, and you find that neither your trouble, nor any likeneſs of it, is abſorbing other people. But this is not the whole reaſon: the truth is, the life and impulſes of other men are catching: you cannot explain exactly how it is that they take you out of yourſelf.

MILVERTON. No man is ſo confidential as when he is addreſſing the whole world. You find, therefore,

more comfort for ſorrow in books than in ſocial intercourſe. I mean more direct comfort; for I agree with what Elleſmere ſays about ſociety.

ELLESMERE. In comparing men and books, one muſt always remember this important diſtinction—that one can put the books down at any time. As Macaulay ſays, "Plato is never ſullen. Cervantes is never pe-"tulant. Demoſthenes never comes unſeaſonably. "Dante never ſtays too long."

MILVERTON. Beſides, one can manage to agree ſo well, intellectually, with a book; and intellectual differences are the ſource of half the quarrels in the world.

ELLESMERE. Judicious ſhelving?

MILVERTON. Judicious ſkipping will nearly do. Now when one's friend, or one's ſelf, is crotchetty, dogmatic, or diſputatious, one cannot turn over to another day.

ELLESMERE. Don't go, Dunsford. Here is a paſſage in the Eſſay I meant to have ſaid ſomething about—"why ſhould we expect the inner life to be one courſe "of unbroken ſelf-improvement," &c.—You recollect? Well, it puts me in mind of a converſation between a complacent poplar and a grim old oak, which I overheard the other day. The poplar ſaid, that it grew up quite ſtraight, heavenwards, that all its branches pointed the ſame way, and always had done ſo. Turning to the oak, which it had been talking at before for ſome time, the poplar went on to remark, that it did not wiſh to ſay anything unfriendly to a brother of the foreſt, but thoſe warped and twiſted branches ſeemed to ſhow ſtrange

ſtruggles. The tall thing concluded its oration by ſaying, that it grew up very faſt, and that when it had done growing, it did not ſuffer itſelf to be made into huge floating engines of deſtruction. But different trees had different taſtes. There was then a ſound from the old oak, like an "ah," or a "whew," or, perhaps, it was only the wind amongſt its reſiſting branches: and the gaunt creature ſaid that it had had ugly winds from without and croſs-grained impulſes from within; that it knew it had thrown out awkwardly a branch here and a branch there, which would never come quite right again it feared; that men worked it up, ſometimes for good and ſometimes for evil—but that at any rate it had not lived for nothing. The poplar began again immediately, for this kind of tree can talk for ever, but I patted the old oak approvingly and went on.

MILVERTON. Well, your trees divide their diſcourſe ſomewhat Elleſmerically: they do not talk with the ſimplicity La Fontaine's would: but there is a good deal in them. They are not altogether ſappy.

ELLESMERE. I really thought of this fable of mine the other day as I was paſſing the poplar at the end of the valley, and I determined to give it you on the firſt occaſion.

DUNSFORD. I hope, Elleſmere, you do not intend to put ſarcaſtic notions into the ſap of our trees hereabouts. There's enough of ſarcaſm in you to ſeaſon a whole foreſt.

ELLESMERE. Dunsford is afraid of what the trees may

ſay to the country gentlemen, and whether they will be able to anſwer them. I will be careful not to make the trees too clever.

MILVERTON. Let us go and try if we can hear any more foreſt talk. The winds, ſhaped into voices by the leaves, ſay many things to us at all times.

CHAPTER IV.

In the courſe of our walk Milverton promiſed to read the following Eſſay on Recreation the next day. I have no note of anything that was ſaid before the reading.

RECREATION.

THIS ſubject has not had the thought it merits. It ſeems trivial. It concerns ſome hours in the daily life of each of us; but it is not connected with any ſubject of human grandeur, and we are rather aſhamed of it. Schiller has ſome wiſe, but hard, words that relate to it. He perceives the preeminence of the Greeks who could do many things. He finds that modern men are units of great nations; but not great units themſelves. And there is ſome room for this reaſoning of his.

Our modern ſyſtem of diviſion of labour divides wits alſo. The more neceſſity there is, therefore, for finding in recreation ſomething to expand

men's intelligence. There are intellectual purſuits almoſt as much divided as pin-making: and many a man goes through ſome intellectual proceſs, for the greater part of his working hours, which correſponds with the making of a pin's head. Muſt there not be ſome danger of a general contraction of mind from this convergence of attention upon ſomething very ſmall, for ſo conſiderable a portion of a man's life?

What anſwer can civilization give to this? It can ſay that greater reſults are worked out by the modern ſyſtem: that though each man is doing leſs himſelf than he might have done in former days, he ſees greater and better things accompliſhed: and that his thoughts, not bound down by his petty occupation, travel over the work of the human family. There is a great deal, doubtleſs, in this argument; but man is not altogether an intellectual recipient. He is a conſtructive animal alſo. It is not the knowledge that you can pour into him that will ſatisfy him, or enable him to work out his nature. He muſt ſee things for himſelf; he muſt have bodily work and intellectual work different from his bread-getting work; or he runs the danger of becoming a contracted pedant with a poor mind and a ſickly body.

I have ſeen it quoted from Ariſtotle, that the end of labour is to gain leiſure. It is a great ſaying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Moſt people ſeem to think that any buſineſs is in itſelf ſomething grand; that to be intenſely employed, for inſtance, about ſomething which has no truth, beauty, or uſefulneſs in it, which makes no man happier or wiſer, is ſtill the perfection of human endeavour, ſo that the work be intenſe. It is the intenſity, not the nature, of the work, that men praiſe. You ſee the extent of this feeling in little things. People are ſo aſhamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon the moſt induſtrious ſervants or workmen whilſt they are ſtanding looking at ſomething which intereſts them, or fairly reſting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the reſult that they ſhould mainly be judged by, and to which they ſhould appeal. But amongſt all claſſes, the working itſelf, inceſſant working, is the thing deified. Now what is the end and object of moſt work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing by any means, but ſtill

it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in thoſe caſes where the preſſure of bread-getting is fairly paſt, we do not often find men's exertions leſſened on that account. There enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leiſure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even juſtified, but which are not ſo peremptorily and upon the face of them excellent, that they at once dignify exceſſive labour.

The truth is, that to work inſatiably requires much leſs mind than to work judiciouſly, and leſs courage, than to refuſe work that cannot be done honeſtly. For a hundred men whoſe appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a miſtaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is deſirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many purſuits, of bringing himſelf and thoſe around him in contact with the univerſe in many points, of being a man and not a machine.

It may ſeem as if the preceding arguments were directed rather againſt exceſſive work, than in favour of recreation. But the firſt object in an eſſay of this kind ſhould be to bring down the abſurd eſtimate that is often formed of mere work.

What ritual is to the formaliſt, or contemplation to the devotee, buſineſs is to the man of the world. He thinks he cannot be doing wrong as long as he is doing that.

No doubt hard work is a great police agent. If everybody were worked from morning till night and then carefully locked up, the regiſter of crimes might be greatly diminiſhed. But what would become of human nature? Where would be the room for growth in ſuch a ſyſtem of things? It is through ſorrow and mirth, plenty and need, in variety of paſſions, circumſtances, and temptations, even through ſin and miſery, that men's natures are developed.

Again, there are people who would ſay, "Labour is not all; we do not object to the ceſſation "of labour—a mere proviſion for bodily ends; "but we fear the lightneſs and vanity of what you "call recreation." Do theſe people take heed of the ſwiftneſs of thought—of the impatience of thought? What will the great maſs of men be thinking of, if they are taught to ſhun amuſements and the thoughts of amuſement? If any ſenſuality is left open to them, they will think of that. If not ſenſuality, then avarice, or ferocity

for "the cauſe of God," as they would call it. People who have had nothing elſe to amuſe them, have been very apt to indulge themſelves in the excitement of perſecuting their fellow creatures.

Our nation, the northern part of it eſpecially, is given to believe in the ſovereign efficacy of dulneſs. To be ſure, dulneſs and ſolid vice are apt to go hand in hand. But then according to our notions, dulneſs is in itſelf ſo good a thing—almoſt a religion.

Now, if ever a people required to be amuſed, it is we ſad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who ſhould avoid increaſing their dulneſs by all work and no play, we are that people. "They "took their pleaſure ſadly," ſays Froiſſart, "after "their faſhion." We need not aſk of what nation Froiſſart was ſpeaking.

There is a theory which has done ſingular miſchief to the cauſe of recreation and of general cultivation. It is, that men cannot excel in more things than one; and that if they can, they had

better be quiet about it. "Avoid muſic, do not "cultivate art, be not known to excel in any craft "but your own," ſays many a worldly parent, thereby laying the foundation of a narrow, greedy character, and deſtroying means of happineſs and of improvement which ſucceſs, or even real excellence, in one profeſſion only cannot give. This is, indeed, a ſacrifice of the end of living for the means.

Another check to recreation is the narrow way in which people have hitherto been brought up at ſchools and colleges. The claſſics are pre-eminent works. To acquire an accurate knowledge of them is an admirable diſcipline. Still, it would be well to give a youth but few of theſe great works, and ſo leave time for various arts, accompliſhments, and knowledge of external things exemplified by other means than books. If this cannot be done but by overworking, then it had better not be done; for of all things that muſt be avoided. But ſurely it can be done. At preſent, many a man who is verſed in Greek metre, and afterwards full of law reports, is childiſhly ignorant of nature. Let him walk with an intelligent child for a morning, and the child will aſk him a hundred queſtions about ſun, moon,

ſtars, plants, birds, building, farming, and the like, to which he can give very ſorry anſwers, if any. Or, at the beſt, he has but a ſecond-hand acquaintance with nature. Men's conceits are his main knowledge. Whereas, if he had any purſuit connected with nature, all nature is in harmony with it, is brought into his preſence by it: and it affords at once cultivation and recreation.

But, independently of thoſe cultivated purſuits which form a high order of recreation, boyhood ſhould never paſs without the boy's learning ſeveral modes of recreation of the humbler kind. A parent, or teacher, ſeldom does a kinder thing by the child under his care, than when he inſtructs it in ſome manly exerciſe, ſome purſuit connected with nature out of doors, or even ſome domeſtic game. In hours of fatigue, anxiety, ſickneſs, or worldly ferment, ſuch means of amuſement may delight the grown-up man when other things would fail.

An indirect advantage, but a very conſiderable one, attendant upon various modes of recreation is, that they provide opportunities of excelling in ſomething to boys and men who are dull in things which form the ſtaple of education. A boy cannot ſee much difference between the nominative

and the genitive caſes—ſtill leſs any occaſion for aoriſts—but he is a good hand at ſome game or other; and he keeps up his ſelf-reſpect and the reſpect of others for him, upon his proweſs in that game. He is better and happier on that account. And it is well, too, that the little world around him ſhould know that excellence is not all of one form.

There are no details about recreation in this eſſay, the object here being mainly to ſhow the worth of recreation; and to defend it againſt objections from the over-buſy and the over-ſtrict. The ſenſe of the beautiful, the deſire for comprehending nature, the love of perſonal ſkill and proweſs, are not things implanted in men merely to be abſorbed in producing and diſtributing the objects of our moſt obvious animal wants. If civilization required this, civilization would be a failure. Still leſs, ſhould we fancy that we are ſerving the cauſe of godlineſs, when we are diſcouraging recreation. Let us be hearty in our pleaſures as in our work, and not think that the gracious Being who has made us ſo open-hearted to delight, looks with diſſatisfaction at our enjoyment, as a hard taſk-maſter might, who in the glee of his ſlaves could ſee only a hindrance to their pro-

fitable working. And with reference to our individual cultivation, we may remember that we are not here to promote incalculable quantities of law, phyſic, or manufactured goods, but to become men: not narrow pedants, but wide-ſeeing, mind-travelled men. Who are the men of hiſtory to be admired moſt? Thoſe whom moſt things became: who could be weighty in debate, of much device in council, conſiderate in a ſick room, genial at a feaſt, joyous at a feſtival, capable of diſcourſe with many minds, large-ſouled, not to be ſhrivelled up into any one form, faſhion, or temperament. Their contemporaries would have told us, that men might have various accompliſhments and hearty enjoyments, and not for that be the leſs effective in buſineſs, or leſs active in benevolence. I diſtruſt the wiſdom of aſceticiſm as much as I do that of ſenſuality: Simeon Stylites no leſs than Sardanapalus.

ELLESMERE. You alluded to Schiller at the beginning of the eſſay: can you ſhow me his own words? I have a lawyer's liking for the beſt evidence.

MILVERTON. When we go in, I will ſhow you ſome paſſages which bear me out in what I have made him ſay—at leaſt, if the tranſlation is faithful.*

ELLESMERE. I have had a great reſpect for Schiller ever ſince I heard that ſaying of his about death. "Death cannot be an evil, for it is univerſal."

DUNSFORD. Very noble and full of faith.

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* This was one of the paſſages which Milverton afterwards read to us.

"Thus, however much may be gained for the world as a whole "by this fragmentary cultivation, it is not to be denied, that the "individuals whom it befalls, are curſed for the benefit of the "world. An athletic frame, it is true, is faſhioned by gymnaſtic "exerciſes, but a form of beauty only by free and uniform action. "Juſt ſo the exertions of ſingle talents can create extraordinary "men indeed, but happy and perfect men only by their uniform "temperature. And in what relation ſhould we ſtand then to the "paſt and coming ages, if the cultivation of human nature made "neceſſary ſuch a ſacrifice? We ſhould have been the ſlaves of "humanity, and drudged for her century after century, and "ſtamped upon our mutilated natures the humiliating traces of "our bondage—that the coming race might nurſe its moral "healthfulneſs in bliſsful leiſure, and unfold the free growth of "its humanity!

"But can it be intended that man ſhould neglect himſelf for "any particular deſign? Ought nature to deprive us by its de-"ſign of a perfection, which reaſon by its own preſcribes to us? "Then it muſt be falſe that the development of ſingle faculties "makes the ſacrifice of totality neceſſary; or, if indeed the law "of nature preſſes thus heavily, it becomes us to reſtore by a higher "art, this totality in our nature which art has deſtroyed."—*The Philoſophical and Æſthetic Letters and Eſſays of Schiller tranſlated by J. Weiſs*, pp. 74, 75.

ELLESMERE. Touching the eſſay, I like it well enough; but, perhaps, people will expect to find more about recreation itſelf: not only about the good of it, but what it is, and how it is to be got.

MILVERTON. I do not incline to go into detail about the matter. The object was to ſay ſomething for the reſpectability of recreation, not to write a chapter of a book of ſports. People muſt find out their own ways of amuſing themſelves.

ELLESMERE. I will tell you what is the paramount thing to be attended to in all amuſements—that they ſhould be ſhort. Moraliſts are always talking about "ſhort-lived" pleaſures: would that they were!

DUNSFORD. Heſiod told the world, ſome two thouſand years ago, how much greater the half is than the whole.

ELLESMERE. Dinner-givers and managers of theatres ſhould forthwith be made aware of that fact. What a ſacrifice of good things, and of the patience and comfort of human beings, a cumbrous modern dinner is! I always long to get up and walk about.

DUNSFORD. Do not talk of modern dinners. Think what a Roman dinner muſt have been.

MILVERTON. Very true. It has always ſtruck me that there is ſomething quite military in the ſenſualiſm of the Romans—an "arbiter bibendi" choſen, and the whole feaſt moving on with fearful preciſion and apparatus of all kinds. Come, come, the world's improving, Elleſmere.

ELLESMERE. Had the Romans public dinners? Anſwer me that. Imagine a Roman, whoſe theory at leaſt of a dinner was that it was a thing for enjoyment, whereas we often look on it as a continuation of the buſineſs of the day, I ſay, imagine a Roman girding himſelf up, literally girding himſelf up, to make an after-dinner ſpeech.

MILVERTON. I muſt allow that is rather a barbarous practice.

ELLESMERE. If charity, or politics, cannot be done without ſuch things, I ſuppoſe they are uſeful in their way; but let nobody ever imagine that they are a form of pleaſure. People ſmearing each other over with ſtupid flattery, and moſt of the company being in dread of receiving ſome compliment which ſhould oblige them to ſpeak!

DUNSFORD. I ſhould have thought, now, that you would always have had ſomething to ſay, and therefore that you would not be ſo bitter againſt after-dinner ſpeaking.

ELLESMERE. No; when I have nothing to ſay, I can ſay nothing.

MILVERTON. Would it not be a pleaſant thing, if rich people would aſk their friends ſometimes to public amuſements—order a play for them for inſtance—or at any rate provide ſome manifeſt amuſement? They might, occaſionally, with great advantage, abridge the expenſe of their dinners, and throw it into other channels of hoſpitality.

ELLESMERE. Ah, if they would have good acting at their houſes, that would be very delightful; but I cannot ſay that the being taken to any place of public amuſement would much delight me. By the way, Milverton, what do you ſay of theatres in the way of recreation? This decline of the drama, too, is a thing you muſt have thought about: let us hear your notions.

MILVERTON. I think one of the cauſes ſometimes aſſigned, that reading is more ſpread, is a true and an important one; but, otherwiſe, I fancy that the preſent decline of the drama depends upon very ſmall things which might be remedied. As to a love of the drama going out of the human heart, that is all nonſenſe. Put it at the loweſt, what a great pleaſure it is to hear a good play read. And, again, as to ſerious purſuits unfitting men for dramatic entertainments, it is quite the contrary. A man, wearied with care and buſineſs, would find more change of ideas with leſs fatigue, in ſeeing a good play, than in almoſt any other way of amuſing himſelf.

DUNSFORD. What are the cauſes then of the decline of the drama?

MILVERTON. In England, or rather in London, for London is England for dramatic purpoſes; in London, then, theatrical arrangements ſeem to be framed to drive away people of ſenſe. The noiſome atmoſphere, the difficult approach, the over-ſize of the great theatres, the intolerable length of performances.

ELLESMERE. Hear! hear!

MILVERTON. The crowding together of theatres in one part of the town, the lateneſs of the hours—

ELLESMERE. The folly of the audience, who always applaud in the wrong place—

DUNSFORD. There is no occaſion to ſay any more; I am quite convinced.

MILVERTON. But theſe annoyances need not be. Build a theatre of moderate dimenſions; give it great facility of approach; take care that the performances never exceed three hours; let lions and dwarfs paſs by without any endeavour to get them within the walls; lay aſide all ambition of making ſtage waves which may almoſt equal real Ramſgate waves to our cockney apprehenſions. Of courſe there muſt be good players and good plays.

ELLESMERE. Now we come to the part of Hamlet.

MILVERTON. Good players and good plays are both to be had, if there were good demand for them. But, I was going to ſay, let there be all theſe things, eſpecially let there be complete ventilation, and the theatre will have the moſt abundant ſucceſs. Why, that one thing alone, the villanous atmoſphere at moſt public places, is enough to daunt any ſenſible man from going to them.

DUNSFORD. There ſhould be ſuch a choice of plays —not merely Chamberlain-clipt—as any man or any woman could go to.

MILVERTON. There ſhould be certainly, but how is ſuch a choice to be made, if the people who could regu-

late it, for the moſt part, ſtay away. It is a dangerous thing, the better claſſes leaving any great ſource of amuſement and inſtruction wholly, or greatly, to the leſs refined claſſes.

DUNSFORD. Yes, I muſt confeſs it is.

Great part of your arguments apply to muſical as well as to theatrical entertainments. Do you find ſimilar reſults with reſpect to them?

MILVERTON. Why, they are not attended by any means as they would be, or made what they might be, if the objections I mention were removed.

DUNSFORD. What do you ſay to the out-of-door entertainments for a town population?

MILVERTON. As I ſaid before, my dear Dunsford, I cannot give you a chapter of a "Book of Sports." There ought, of courſe, to be parks for all quarters of the town: and I confeſs it would pleaſe me better to ſee, in holiday times and hours of leiſure, hearty games going on in theſe parks, than a number of people ſauntering about in uncomfortably new and unaccuſtomed clothes.

ELLESMERE. Do you not ſee, Dunsford, that, like a cautious official man, he does not want to enter into ſmall details, which have always an air of ridicule? He is not prepared to pledge himſelf to cricket, golf, foot-ball, or priſoners' bars: but in his heart he is manifeſtly a young Englander—without the white waiſtcoat. Nothing would pleaſe him better than to ſee in large letters on one of thoſe advertiſing vans, "Great match! Vic-"toria Park!! Eleven of Fleet Street againſt the eleven "of Saffron Hill!!!"

MILVERTON. Well, there is a great deal in the ſpirit of young England that I like very much, indeed that I reſpect.

ELLESMERE. I ſhould like the young England party better myſelf if I were quite ſure there was no connexion between them and a clan of four, pity-mongering people, who waſh one away with eternal talk about the contraſt between riches and poverty; with whom a poor man is always virtuous; and who would, if they could, make him as envious and as diſcontented as poſſible.

MILVERTON. Nothing can be more ſtrikingly in contraſt with ſuch thinkers than Young England. Young Englanders, according to the beſt of their theories, ought to be men of warm ſympathy with all claſſes. There is no doubt of this, that very ſeldom does any good thing ariſe, but there comes an ugly phantom of a caricature of it, which ſidles up againſt the reality, mouths its favourite words as a third-rate actor does a great part, under-mimics its wiſdom, over-acts its folly, is by half the world taken for it, goes ſome way to ſuppreſs it in its own time, and, perhaps, lives for it in hiſtory.

ELLESMERE. Well brought out that metaphor, but I don't know that it means more than, that the followers of a ſyſtem do in general a good deal to corrupt it, or that when a great principle is worked into human affairs, a conſiderable accretion of human folly and falſeneſs moſtly grows round it: which things ſome of us had a ſuſpicion of before.

DUNSFORD. To go back to the ſubject. What would

you do for country amuſements, Milverton? That is what concerns me, you know.

MILVERTON. Athletic amuſements go on naturally here: do not require ſo much foſtering as in towns. The commons muſt be carefully kept: I have quite a Cobbettian fear of their being taken away from us under ſome plauſible pretext or other. Well, then, it ſtrikes me that a great deal might be done to promote the more refined pleaſures of life amongſt our rural population. I hope we ſhall live to ſee many of Hullah's pupils playing an important part in this way. Of courſe, the foundation for theſe things may beſt be laid at ſchools; and is being laid in ſome places, I am happy to ſay.

ELLESMERE. Humph, muſic, ſing-ſong!

MILVERTON. Don't you obſerve, Dunsford, that when Elleſmere wants to attack us, and does not exactly ſee how, he mutters to himſelf ſarcaſtically, ſneering himſelf up as it were to the attack.

ELLESMERE. You and Dunsford are both wild for muſic, from barrel-organs upwards.

MILVERTON. I confeſs to liking the humbleſt attempts at melody.

DUNSFORD. I feel, as Sir Thomas Browne tells us he felt, that "even that vulgar and tavern-muſic, which "makes one man merry, another mad, ſtrikes in me "a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation "of the firſt compoſer. There is ſomething in it of "divinity more than the ear diſcovers: it is an hiero-"glyphical and ſhadowed leſſon of the whole world, and

" creatures of God; ſuch a melody to the ear, as the " whole world well underſtood, would afford the under- " ſtanding."

MILVERTON. A propos of muſic in country places, when I was going about laſt year in the neighbouring county, I ſaw ſuch a pretty ſcene at one of the towns. They had got up a band which played once a week in the evening. It was a beautiful ſummer evening, and the window of my room at the inn overlooked the open ſpace they had choſen for their performances. There was the great man of the neighbourhood in his carriage, looking as if he came partly on duty, as well as for plea ſure. Then there were burly tradeſmen, with an air of quiet ſatisfaction, ſauntering about, or leaning againſt railings. Some were no doubt critical—thought that Will Miller did not play as well as uſual this evening. Will's young wife, who had come out to look again at him in his band-dreſs, (for the band had a uniform) thought differently. Little boys broke out into imaginary polkas, having ſome diſtant reference to the muſic: not without grace though. The ſweep was pre-eminent; as if he would ſay, " Dirty and ſooty as I am, I have a " great deal of fun in me. Indeed what would May- " day be but for me!" Studious little boys of the free ſchool, all green, graſshopper-looking, walked about as boys knowing ſomething of Latin. Here and there went a couple of them in childiſh loving way, with their arms about each other's necks. Matrons and ſhy young maidens ſat upon the door ſteps near. Many a merry

laugh filled up the interludes of muſic. And when evening came ſoftly down upon us, the band finiſhed with "God ſave the Queen," the little circle of thoſe who would hear the laſt note moved off, there was a clattering of ſhutters, a ſhining of lights through caſement-windows, and ſoon the only ſound to be heard was the rough voice of ſome villager, who would have been too timid to adventure anything by daylight, but now ſang boldly out as he went homewards.

ELLESMERE. Very pretty, but it ſounds to me ſomewhat fabulous.

MILVERTON. I aſſure you—

ELLESMERE. Yes, you were tired, had a good dinner, read a ſpeech for, or againſt, the corn-laws, fell aſleep of courſe, and had this ingenious dream, which, to this day, you believe to have been a reality. I underſtand it all.

MILVERTON. I wiſh I could have many more ſuch dreams.

CHAPTER V.

Our laſt converſation broke off abruptly on the entrance of a viſitor; we forgot to name a time for our next meeting; and when I came again, I found Milverton alone in his ſtudy. He was reading Count Rumford's eſſays.

Dunsford. So you are reading Count Rumford. What is it that intereſts you there?

Milverton. Everything he writes about. He is to me a delightful writer. He throws ſo much life into all his writings. Whether they are about making the moſt of food or fuel, or propounding the benefits of bathing, or inveighing againſt ſmoke, it is that he went and ſaw and did and experimented himſelf, and upon himſelf. His proceedings at Munich to feed the poor are more intereſting than many a novel. It is ſurpriſing, too, how far he was before the world in all the things he gave his mind to.

Here Elleſmere entered.

Ellesmere. I heard you were come, Dunsford: I hope we ſhall have an eſſay to-day. My critical faculties have been dormant for ſome days and want to be

rouſed a little. Milverton was talking to you about Count Rumford when I came in, was he not? Ah, the Count is a great favourite with Milverton when he is down here; but there is a book up ſtairs, which is Milverton's real favourite juſt now, a portentous looking book; ſome relation to a blue book, ſomething about ſewerage, or health of towns, or public improvements, over which ſaid book our friend here goes into enthuſiaſms. I am ſure if it could be reduced to the ſize of that tatterdemalion Horace that he carries about, the poor little Horace would be quite ſupplanted.

MILVERTON. Now, I muſt tell you, Dunsford, that Elleſmere himſelf took up this book he talks about, and it was a long time before he put it down.

ELLESMERE. Yes, there is ſomething in real life, even though it is in the unheroic part of it, that intereſts one. I mean to get through the book.

DUNSFORD. What are we to have to-day for our eſſay?

MILVERTON. Let us adjourn to the garden, and I will read you an eſſay on Greatneſs, if I can find it.

We went to our favourite place, and Milverton read us the following eſſay.

GREATNESS.

YOU cannot ſubſtitute any epithet for great, when you are talking of great men. Greatneſs is not general dexterity carried to any extent; nor proficiency in any one ſubject of human endeavour. There are great aſtronomers, great ſcholars, great painters, even great poets, who are very far from great men. Greatneſs can do without ſucceſs, and with it. William is greater in his retreats than Marlborough in his victories. On the other hand, the uniformity of Cæſar's ſucceſs does not dull his greatneſs. Greatneſs is not in the circumſtances, but in the man.

What does this greatneſs then conſiſt in? Not in a nice balance of qualities, purpoſes, and powers. That will make a happy man, a ſucceſsful man, a man always in his right depth. Nor does it conſiſt in abſence of errors. We need only glance back at any liſt that can be made of great men, to be convinced of that. Neither does greatneſs conſiſt in energy, though often accompanied by it. Indeed, it is rather the breadth of the waters, than

the force of the current, that we look to, to fulfil our idea of greatneſs. There is no doubt that energy acting upon a nature endowed with the qualities that we ſum up in the word cleverneſs, and directed to a few clear purpoſes, produces a great effect, and may ſometimes be miſtaken for greatneſs. If a man is mainly bent upon his own advancement, it cuts many a difficult knot of policy for him, and gives a force and diſtinctneſs to his mode of going on which looks grand. The ſame happens, if he has one preeminent idea of any kind, even though it ſhould be a narrow one. Indeed, ſucceſs in life is moſtly gained by unity of purpoſe; whereas greatneſs often fails by reaſon of its having manifold purpoſes, but it does not ceaſe to be greatneſs on that account.

If greatneſs can be ſhut up in qualities, it will be found to conſiſt in courage and in openneſs of mind and ſoul. Theſe qualities may not ſeem at firſt to be ſo potent. But ſee what growth there is in them. The education of a man of open mind is never ended. Then, with openneſs of ſoul, a man ſees ſome way into all other ſouls that come near him, feels with them, has their experience, is in himſelf a people. Sympathy is the univerſal ſolvent. Nothing is underſtood without it. The capacity of a man, at leaſt for under-

ſtanding, may almoſt be ſaid to vary according to his powers of ſympathy. Again, what is there that can counteract ſelfiſhneſs like ſympathy? Selfiſhneſs may be hedged in by minute watchfulneſs and ſelf-denial, but it is counteracted by the nature being encouraged to grow out and fix its tendrils upon foreign objects.

The immenſe defect that want of ſympathy is, may be ſtrikingly ſeen in the failure of the many attempts that have been made in all ages to conſtruct the Chriſtian character, omitting ſympathy. It has produced numbers of people walking up and down one narrow plank of ſelf-reſtraint, pondering over their own merits and demerits, keeping out, not the world exactly, but their fellow-creatures, from their hearts, and caring only to drive their neighbours before them on this plank of theirs, or to puſh them headlong. Thus, with many virtues, and much hard work at the formation of character, we have had ſplendid bigots or cenſorious ſmall people.

But ſympathy is warmth and light too. It is, as it were, the moral atmoſphere connecting all animated natures. Putting aſide, for a moment, the large differences that opinions, language, and education make between men, look at the innate diverſity of character. Natural philoſo-

phers were amazed when they thought they had found a newly-created ſpecies. But what is each man but a creature ſuch as the world has not before ſeen? Then think how they pour forth in multitudinous maſſes, from princes delicately nurtured to little boys on ſcrubby commons or in dark cellars. How are theſe people to be underſtood, to be taught to underſtand each other, but by thoſe who have the deepeſt ſympathies with all. There cannot be a great man without large ſympathy. There may be men who play loud-ſounding parts in life without it, as on the ſtage, where kings and great people ſometimes enter, who are only characters of ſecondary import—deputy great men. But the intereſt and the inſtruction lie with thoſe who have to feel and ſuffer moſt.

Add courage to this openneſs we have been conſidering: and you have a man who can own himſelf in the wrong, can forgive, can truſt, can adventure, can, in ſhort, uſe all the means that inſight and ſympathy endow him with.

I ſee no other eſſential characteriſtics in the greatneſs of nations than there are in the great-

neſs of individuals. Extraneous circumſtances largely influence nations as individuals; and make a larger part of the ſhow of the former than of the latter; as we are wont to conſider no nation great that is not great in extent or reſources as well as in character. But of two nations, equal in other reſpects, the ſuperiority muſt belong to the one which excels in courage and openneſs of mind and ſoul.

Again, in eſtimating the relative merits of different periods of the world, we muſt employ the ſame teſts of greatneſs that we uſe to individuals. To compare, for inſtance, the preſent and the paſt. What aſtounds us moſt in the paſt is the wonderful intolerance and cruelty: a cruelty conſtantly turning upon the inventors; an intolerance provoking ruin to the thing it would foſter. The moſt admirable precepts are thrown from time to time upon this cauldron of human affairs, and oftentimes they only ſeem to make it blaze the higher. We find men devoting the beſt part of their intellects to the invariable annoyance and perſecution of their fellows. You might think, that the earth brought forth with more abundant fruitfulneſs in the paſt than now, ſeeing that men found ſo much time for cruelty, but that you

read of famines and privations which theſe later days cannot equal. The recorded violent deaths amount to millions. And this is but a ſmall part of the matter. Conſider the modes of juſtice, the uſe of torture, for inſtance. What muſt have been the blinded ſtate of the wiſe perſons (wiſe for their day), who uſed torture. Did they ever think themſelves "what ſhould we not ſay if we were ſubjected to this?" Many times they muſt really have deſired to get at the truth: and ſuch was their mode of doing it. Now, at the riſk of being thought a "laudator" of time preſent, I would ſay, here is the element of greatneſs we have made progreſs in. We are more open in mind and ſoul. We have arrived (ſome of us at leaſt) at the concluſion that men may honeſtly differ without offence. We have learned to pity each other more. There is a greatneſs in modern toleration which our anceſtors knew not.

Then comes the other element of greatneſs, courage. Have we made progreſs in that? This is a much more dubious queſtion. The ſubjects of terror vary ſo much in different times that it is difficult to eſtimate the different degrees of courage ſhown in reſiſting them. Men fear public

opinion now as they did in former times the ſtar-chamber: and thoſe awful goddeſſes, Appearances, are to us what the Fates were to the Greeks. It is hardly poſſible to meaſure the courage of a modern againſt that of an ancient; but I am unwilling to believe but that enlightenment muſt ſtrengthen courage.

The application of the teſts of greatneſs, as in the above inſtance, is a matter of detail, and of nice appreciation, as to the reſults of which men muſt be expected to differ largely: the teſts themſelves remain invariable—openneſs of nature to admit the light of love and reaſon, and courage to purſue it.

ELLESMERE. I agree to your theory, as far as openneſs of nature is concerned; but I do not much like to put that half-brute thing, courage, ſo high.

MILVERTON. Well, you cannot have greatneſs without it: you may have well intentioned people and far-ſeeing people; but if they have no ſtoutneſs of heart, they will only be ſhifty or remonſtrant, nothing like great.

ELLESMERE. You mean will, not courage. Without

will, your open-minded, open-hearted man may be like a great, rudderleſs veſſel driven about by all winds: not a ſmall craft, but a moſt uncertain one.

MILVERTON. No. I mean both: both will and courage. Courage is the body to will.

ELLESMERE. I believe you are right in that; but do not omit will. It amuſed me to ſee how you brought in one of your old notions—that this age is not contemptible. You ſcribbling people are generally on the other ſide.

MILVERTON. You malign us. If I muſt give any account for my perſonal predilection for modern times, it conſiſts, perhaps, in this, that we may now ſpeak our mind. What Tennyſon ſays of his own land,

> "The land, where, girt with friend or foe,
> "A man may ſay the thing he will,—"

may be ſaid, in ſome meaſure, of the age in which we live. This is an inexpreſſible comfort. This doubles life. Theſe things ſurely may be ſaid in favour of the preſent age, not with a view to puff it up, but ſo far to encourage ourſelves, as we may by ſeeing that the world does not go on for nothing, that all the miſery, blood, and toil that has been ſpent, were not poured out in vain. Could we have our anceſtors again before us, would they not rejoice at ſeeing what they had purchaſed for us: would they think it any compliment to them to extol their times at the expenſe of the preſent, and ſo to intimate that their efforts had led to nothing?

ELLESMERE. "I doubt," as Lord Eldon would have ſaid: no, upon ſecond thoughts, I do not doubt. I feel aſſured that a good many of theſe ſaid anceſtors you are calling up would be much diſcomforted at finding that all their ſuffering had led to no ſure baſis of perſecution of the other ſide.

DUNSFORD. I wonder, Elleſmere, what you would have done in perſecuting times. What eſcape would your ſarcaſm have found for itſelf?

MILVERTON. Some orthodox way, I dare ſay. I do not think he would have been particularly fond of martyrdom.

ELLESMERE. No. I have no taſte for making torches for truth, or being one: I prefer humane darkneſs to ſuch illumination. At the ſame time one cannot tell lies: and if one had been queſtioned about the incomprehenſibilities which men in former days were ſo fierce upon, one muſt have ſhown that one diſagreed with all parties.

DUNSFORD. Do not ſay "one:" *I* ſhould not have diſagreed with the great Proteſtant leaders in the Reformation, for inſtance.

ELLESMERE. Humph!

MILVERTON. If we get aground upon the Reformation, we ſhall never puſh off again—elſe would I ſay ſomething far from complimentary to thoſe Proteſtant proceedings which we may rather hope were Tudoreſque than Proteſtant.

ELLESMERE. No, that is not fair. The Tudors were a coarſe, fierce race; but it will not do to lay

the faults of their times upon them only. Look at Elizabeth's miniſters. They had about as much notion of religious tolerance as they had of Profeſſor Wheatſtone's telegraph. It was not a growth of that age.

MILVERTON. I do not know. You have Cardinal Pole and the Earl of Eſſex, both tolerant men in the midſt of bigots.

ELLESMERE. Well, as you ſaid, Milverton, we ſhall never puſh off, if we once get aground on this ſubject.

DUNSFORD. I am in fault: ſo I will take upon myſelf to bring you quite away from the Reformation. I have been thinking of that compariſon in the eſſay of the preſent with the paſt. Such compariſons ſeem to me very uſeful, as they beſt enable us to underſtand our own times. And, then, when we have aſcertained the ſtate and tendency of our own age, we ought to ſtrive to enrich it with thoſe qualities which are complementary to its own. Now with all this toleration, which delights you ſo much, dear Milverton, is it not an age rather deficient in caring about great matters?

MILVERTON. If you mean great ſpeculative matters, I might agree with you; but if you mean what I ſhould call the greateſt matters, ſuch as charity, humanity, and the like, I ſhould venture to differ with you, Dunsford.

DUNSFORD. I do not like to ſee the world indifferent to great ſpeculative matters. I then fear ſhallowneſs and earthineſs.

MILVERTON. It is very difficult to ſay what the world

is thinking of now. It is certainly wrong to ſuppoſe that this is a ſhallow age becauſe it is not driven by one impulſe. As civilization advances, it becomes more difficult to eſtimate what is going on, and we ſet it all down as confuſion. Now there is not one "great antique heart," whoſe beatings we can count, but many impulſes, many circles of thought in which men are moving, many objects. Men are not all in the ſame ſtate of progreſs, ſo cannot be moved in maſſes as of old. At one time chivalry urged all men—then the Church—and the phenomena were few, ſimple, and broad; or at leaſt they ſeem ſo in hiſtory.

Ellesmere. Very true: ſtill I agree ſomewhat with Dunsford, that men are not agitated as they uſed to be by the great ſpeculative queſtions. I account for it in this way, that the material world has opened out before us: and we cannot but look at that, and muſt play with it and work at it. I would ſay, too, that philoſophy had been found out; and there is ſomething in that. Still I think if it were not for the intereſt now attaching to material things, great intellectual queſtions, not exactly of the old kind, would ariſe and agitate the world.

Milverton. There is one thing in my mind that may confirm your view. I cannot but think that the enlarged view we have of the univerſe muſt in ſome meaſure damp perſonal ambition. What is it to be King, Sheik, Tetrarch, or Emperor, over a bit of a

little bit. Macbeth's ſpeech, "we'd jump the life to come," is a thing a man with modern lights, however madly ambitious, would hardly utter.

DUNSFORD. Religious lights, Milverton?

MILVERTON. Of courſe not, if he had them: but I meant ſcientific lights. Sway over our fellow-creatures, at any rate anything but mental ſway, has ſhrunk into leſs proportions.

ELLESMERE. I have been looking over the eſſay. I think you may put in ſomewhere—that that age would probably be the greateſt in which there was the leaſt difference between great men and the people in general: when the former were only neglected, not hunted down.

MILVERTON. Yes.

ELLESMERE. You are rather lengthy here about the cruelties to be found in hiſtory: but we are apt to forget theſe matters.

MILVERTON. They always preſs upon my mind.

DUNSFORD. And on mine. I do not like to read much of hiſtory for that very reaſon. I get ſo ſick at heart about it all.

MILVERTON. Ah, yes, hiſtory is a ſtupendous thing. To read it is like looking at the ſtars: we turn away in awe and perplexity. Yet there is ſome method running through the little affairs of man as through the multitude of ſuns, ſeemingly to us as confuſed as routed armies in full flight.

DUNSFORD. Some law of love.

ELLESMERE. I am afraid it is not in the paſt alone

that we ſhould be awe-ſtruck with horrors: we, who have a ſlave trade ſtill on earth. But, to go back to the eſſay, I like what you ſay about the theory of conſtructing the Chriſtian character without geniality; only you do not go far enough. You are afraid. People are for ever talking, eſpecially you philanthropical people, about making others happy. I do not know any way ſo ſure of making others happy as of being ſo oneſelf, to begin with. I do not mean that people are to be ſelf-abſorbed; but they are to drink in nature and life a little. From a genial, wiſely-developed man, good things radiate: whereas, you muſt allow, Milverton, that benevolent people are very apt to be one-ſided and fuſſy, and not of the ſweeteſt temper if others will not be good and happy in their way.

MILVERTON. That is really not fair. Of courſe, acid, ſmall-minded people, carry their narrow notions and their acidity into their benevolence. Benevolence is no abſtract perfection. Men will expreſs their benevolence according to their other gifts or want of gifts. If it is ſtrong, it overcomes other things in the character which would be hindrances to it; but it muſt ſpeak in the language of the ſoul it is in.

ELLESMERE. Come, let us go and ſee the pigs. I hear them grunting over their dinners in the farm-yard. I like to ſee creatures who can be happy without a theory.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next time that I came over to Worth Aſhton it was raining, and I found my friends in the ſtudy.

Well, Dunsford, ſaid Elleſmere, is it not comfortable to have our ſeſſions here for once, and to be looking out on a good ſolid Engliſh wet day.

DUNSFORD. Rather a fluid than a ſolid. But I agree with you in thinking it is very comfortable here.

ELLESMERE. I like to look upon the backs of books. Firſt I think how much of the owner's inner life and character is ſhown in his books: then perhaps I wonder how he got ſuch a book which ſeems ſo remote from all that I know of him—

MILVERTON. I ſhall turn my books the wrong ſide upwards when you come into the ſtudy.

ELLESMERE. But what amuſes me moſt is to ſee the odd way in which books get together, eſpecially in the library of a man who reads his books and puts them up again wherever there is room. Now here is a charming party: "A Treatiſe on the Steam Engine" between "Locke on Chriſtianity" and Madame de Stael's "Corinne." I wonder what they talk about at night when

we are all asleep. Here is another happy juxta position, old Clarendon next to a modern metaphysician whom he would positively loathe. Here is Sadler next to Malthus, and Horsley next to Prieſtley; but this sort of thing happens most in the best-regulated libraries. It is a charming reflection for controversial writers that their works will be put together on the same shelves, often between the same covers, and that in the minds of educated men, the name of one writer will be sure to recall the name of the other. So they go down to posterity as a brotherhood.

Milverton. To complete Ellesmere's theory, we may say that all those injuries to books which we choose to throw upon some wretched worm, are but the wounds from rival books.

Ellesmere. Certainly. But now let us proceed to polish up the weapons of another of these spiteful creatures.

Dunsford. Yes. What is to be our essay to-day, Milverton?

Milverton. Fiction.

Ellesmere. Now, that is really unfortunate. Fiction is just the subject to be discussed, no, not discussed, talked over, out of doors, on a hot day, all of us lying about in easy attitudes on the grass, Dunsford with his gaiters forming a most picturesque and prominent figure. But there is nothing complete in this life. "Surgit amari "aliquid:" and so we must listen to Fiction in arm chairs.

FICTION.

THE influence of works of fiction is unbounded. Even the minds of well-informed people are often more ſtored with characters from acknowledged fiction than from hiſtory, or biography, or the real life around them. We diſpute about theſe characters as if they were realities. Their experience is our experience: we adopt their feelings, and imitate their acts. And ſo there comes to be ſomething traditional even in the management of the paſſions. Shakeſpeare's hiſtorical plays were the only hiſtory to the Duke of Marlborough. Thouſands of Greeks acted under the influence of what Achilles, or Ulyſſes, did, in Homer. The poet ſings of the deeds that ſhall be. He imagines the paſt: he forms the future.

Yet how ſurpaſſingly intereſting is real life, when we get an inſight into it. Occaſionally a great genius lifts up the veil of hiſtory, and we ſee men who once really were alive, who did not always live only in hiſtory. Or, amidſt the dreary page of battles, levies, ſieges, and the ſleep-in-

ducing weavings and unweavings of political combination, we come, ourſelves, acroſs ſome ſpoken or written words of the great actors of the time; and are then faſcinated by the life and reality of theſe things. Could you have the life of any man really pourtrayed to you, ſun-drawn as it were, its hopes, its fears, its revolutions of opinion in each day, its moſt anxious wiſhes attained, and then, perhaps, cryſtalizing into its blackeſt regrets, ſuch a work would go far to contain all hiſtories, and be the greateſt leſſon of love, humility and tolerance, that men had ever read.

Now fiction does attempt ſomething like the above. In hiſtory we are cramped by impertinent facts that muſt, however, be ſet down; by theories that muſt be anſwered; evidence that muſt be weighed; views that muſt be taken. Our facts conſtantly break off juſt where we ſhould wiſh to examine them moſt cloſely. The writer of fiction follows his characters into the receſſes of their hearts. There are no cloſed doors for him. His puppets have no ſecrets from their maſter. He plagues you with no doubts, no half views, no criticiſm. Thus they thought, he tells you, thus they looked, thus they acted. Then, with every opportunity for ſcenic arrangement,

(for though his characters are confidential with him, he is only as confidential with his reader as the intereſt of the ſtory will allow), it is not to be wondered at that the majority of readers ſhould look upon hiſtory as a taſk, but tales of fiction as a delight.

The greateſt merit of fiction is the one ſo ably put forward by Sir James Mackintoſh: namely, that it creates and nouriſhes ſympathy. It extends this ſympathy, too, in directions where, otherwiſe, we hardly ſee when it would have come. But, it may be objected, that this ſympathy is indiſcriminate; and that we are in danger of mixing up virtue and vice and blurring both, if we are led to ſympathize with all manner of wrong doers. But in the firſt place, virtue and vice are ſo mixed in real life that it is well to be ſomewhat prepared for that fact. And moreover the ſympathy is not wrongly directed. Who has not felt intenſe ſympathy for Macbeth? Yet could he be alive again, with evil thoughts againſt "the gracious Duncan;" and could he ſee into all that has been felt for him, would that be an encouragement to murder? The intenſe pity of wiſe people for the crimes of others, when rightly repreſented, is one of the ſtrongeſt antidotes againſt crime. We have taken the extreme caſe of ſympathy being directed towards

bad men. How often has fiction made us ſympathize with obſcure ſuffering and retiring greatneſs; with the world-deſpiſed, and eſpecially with thoſe mixed characters in whom we might, otherwiſe, ſee but one colour—with Shylock and with Hamlet—with Jeanie Deans and with Claverhouſe—with Sancho Panza as well as with Don Quixote!

On the other hand, there is a danger of too much converſe with fiction leading us into dreamland, or rather into lubber-land. Of courſe this "too much converſe" implies large converſe with inferior writers. Such writers are too apt to make life as they would have it for themſelves. Sometimes alſo they muſt make it to ſuit bookſellers' rules. Having ſuch power over their puppets, they abuſe it. They can kill theſe puppets, change their natures ſuddenly, reward or puniſh them ſo eaſily, that it is no wonder they are led to play fantaſtic tricks with them. Now, if a ſedulous reader of the works of ſuch writers ſhould form his notions of real life from them, he would occaſionally meet with rude ſhocks when he encountered the realities of that life.

For my own part, notwithſtanding all the charms

of life in ſwiftly-written novels, I prefer real life. It is true that, in the former, everything breaks off round, every little event tends to ſome great thing, everybody one meets is to exerciſe ſome great influence for good or ill upon one's fate. I take it for granted one fancies oneſelf the hero. Then all one's virtue is paid in ready money, or at leaſt one can draw upon it at the end of the third volume. One leaps to remote wealth and honour by hair-breadth chances; and one's uncle in India always dies opportunely. To be ſure the thought occurs, that if this novel life could be turned into real life, one might be the uncle in India and not the hero of the tale. But that is a trifling matter, for at any rate one ſhould carry on with ſpirit ſomebody elſe's ſtory. On the whole, however, as I ſaid before, I prefer real life, where nothing is tied up neatly, but all in odds and ends, where the doctrine of compenſation enters largely, where we are often moſt blamed when we leaſt deſerve it, where there is no third volume to make things ſtraight, and where many an Auguſtus marries many a Belinda, and, inſtead of being happy ever afterwards, finds that there is a growth of trials and troubles for each ſucceſſive period of man's life.

In conſidering the ſubject of fiction, the reſponſibility of the writers thereof is a matter worth pointing out. We ſee clearly enough that hiſtorians are to be limited by facts and probabilities; but we are apt to make a large allowance for the fancies of writers of fiction. We muſt remember, however, that fiction is not falſehood. If a writer puts abſtract virtues into book clothing, and ſends them upon ſtilts into the world, he is a bad writer: if he claſſifies men, and attributes all virtue to one claſs and all vice to another, he is a falſe writer. Then, again, if his ideal is ſo poor, that he fancies man's welfare to conſiſt in immediate happineſs; if he means to paint a great man and paints only a greedy one; he is a miſchievous writer: and not the leſs ſo, although by lamplight and amongſt a juvenile audience his coarſe ſcene-painting ſhould be thought very grand. He may be true to his own fancy, but he is falſe to nature. A writer, of courſe, cannot get beyond his own ideal: but at leaſt he ſhould ſee that he works up to it: and if it is a poor one, he had better write hiſtories of the utmoſt concentration of dulneſs, than amuſe us with unjuſt and untrue imaginings.

ELLESMERE. I am glad you have kept to the obvious things about fiction. It would have been a great nuiſance to have had to follow you through intricate theories about what fiction conſiſts in and what are its limits, and ſo on. Then we ſhould have got into queſtions touching the laws of repreſentation generally, and then into art, of which, between ourſelves, you know very little.

DUNSFORD. Talking of repreſentation, what do you two, who have now ſeen ſomething of the world, think about repreſentative government?

ELLESMERE. Dunsford plumps down upon us ſometimes with awful queſtions: what do you think of all philoſophy: or what is your opinion of life in general? Could not you throw in a few ſmall queſtions of that kind, together with your repreſentative one; and we might try to anſwer them all at once. Dunsford is only laughing at us, Milverton.

MILVERTON. No, I know what was in Dunsford's mind when he aſked that queſtion. He has had his doubts and miſgivings, when he has been reading a ſix nights' debate (for people in the country I dare ſay do read thoſe things), whether repreſentative government is the moſt complete device the human mind could ſuggeſt for getting at wiſe rulers.

ELLESMERE. It is a doubt which has croſſed my mind.

MILVERTON. And mine; but the doubt, if it has ever

been more than mere petulance, has not had much practical weight with me. Look how the buſineſs of the world is managed. There are a few people who think out things, and a few who execute. The former are not to be ſecured by any device. They are gifts. The latter may be well choſen, have often been well choſen, under other forms of government than the repreſentative one. I believe that the favourites of kings have been a ſuperior race of men. Even a fool does not chooſe a fool for a favourite. He knows better than that: he muſt have ſomething to lean againſt. But between the thinkers and the doers, (if, indeed, we ought to make ſuch a diſtinction), *what a number of uſeful links there are in a repreſentative government* on account of the much larger number of people admitted into ſome ſhare of government. What general cultivation muſt come from that, and what ſecurity! Of courſe everything has its wrong ſide: and from this number of people let in, there comes declamation, and clap-trap, and mob-ſervice, which is much the ſame thing as courtierſhip was in other times. But then, to make the compariſon a fair one, you muſt take the wrong ſide of any other form of government that has been deviſed.

Dunsford. Well, but ſo much power centering in the lower houſe of parliament, and the getting into parliament being a thing which is not very inviting to the kind of people one would moſt like to ſee there, do you not think that the ableſt men are kept away?

Milverton. Yes: but if you make your governing

body a unit or a ten, or any ſmall number, how is this power, unleſs it is Argus-eyed, and myriad-minded, and right-minded too, to chooſe the right men any better than they are found now. The great danger, as it appears to me, of repreſentative government, is leſt it ſhould ſlide down from repreſentative government to delegate government. In my opinion the welfare of England, in great meaſure, depends upon what takes place at the huſtings. If, in the majority of inſtances, there were abject conduct there, electors and elected would be alike debaſed: upright public men could not be expected to ariſe from ſuch beginnings; and thoughtful perſons would begin to conſider whether ſome other form of government could not forthwith be made out.

Ellesmere. I have a ſupreme diſguſt for the man who at the huſtings has no opinion beyond, or above, the clamour round him. How ſuch a fellow would have kiſſed the ground before a Pompadour, or waited for hours in a Buckingham's antechamber, only to catch the fainteſt beam of reflected light from royalty.

But I declare we have been juſt like ſchoolboys talking about forms of government, and ſo on.

> "For forms of government let fools conteſt,
> "That which is *worſt* adminiſtered is beſt,"

that is, repreſentative government.

Milverton. I ſhould not like either of you to fancy, from what I have been ſaying about repreſentative government, that I do not ſee the dangers and the evils of it. In fact, it is a frequent thought with me of what

importance the Houſe of Lords is at preſent, and of how much greater importance it might be made. If there were Peers for life, and official members of the Houſe of Commons, it would, I think, meet moſt of your objections, Dunsford.

DUNSFORD. I ſuppoſe I am becoming a little ruſty, and diſpoſed to grumble, as I grow old: but there is a good deal in modern government which ſeems to me very rude and abſurd. There comes a clamour, partly reaſonable; power is deaf to it, overlooks it, ſays there is no ſuch thing; then great clamour; after a time, power welcomes that, takes it to its arms, ſays that now it is loud it is very wiſe, wiſhes it had always been clamour itſelf.

ELLESMERE. How many acres do you farm, Dunsford? How ſpiteful you are!

DUNSFORD. I am not thinking of corn laws alone, as you fancy, Maſter Elleſmere. But to go to other things. I quite agree, Milverton, with what you were ſaying juſt now about the buſineſs of the world being carried on by few, and the thinking few being in the nature of gifts to the world, not elicited by King or Kaiſer.

MILVERTON. The mill-ſtreams that turn the clappers of the world ariſe in ſolitary places.

ELLESMERE. Not a bad metaphor, but untrue. Ariſtotle, Bacon—

MILVERTON. Well, I believe it would be much wiſer to ſay, that we cannot lay down rules about the higheſt work; either when it is done, where it will be done, or

how it can be made to be done. It is too immaterial for our meaſurement; for the higheſt part even of the mere buſineſs of the world is in dealing with ideas. It is very amuſing to obſerve the miſconceptions of men on theſe points. They call for what is outward, can underſtand that, can praiſe it. Fuſſineſs and the forms of activity in all ages get great praiſe. Imagine an active, buſtling, little prætor under Auguſtus, how he probably pointed out Horace to his ſons, as a moony kind of man, whoſe ways were much to be avoided, and told them it was a weakneſs in Auguſtus to like ſuch idle men about him inſtead of men of buſineſs.

ELLESMERE. Or fancy a buſtling Glaſgow merchant of Adam Smith's day, watching him. How little would the merchant have dreamt, what a number of veſſels were to be floated away by the ink in the Profeſſor's inkſtand; and what craſhing of axes, and clearing of foreſts in diſtant lands, the noiſe of his pen upon the paper portended.

MILVERTON. It is not only the effect of the ſtill-working man that the buſy man cannot anticipate, but neither can he comprehend the preſent labour. If Horace had told my prætor that

"Abſtinuit Venere et vino, ſudavit et alſit,"

"What, to write a few lines!" would his prætorſhip have cried out, "why I can live well and enjoy life; "and I flatter myſelf no one in Rome does more buſi-"neſs."

DUNSFORD. All of it only goes to ſhow how little we

know of each other, and how tolerant we ought to be of others' efforts.

MILVERTON. The trials that there muſt be every day without any incident, that even the moſt minute houſehold chronicler could ſet down; the labours without ſhow or noiſe!

ELLESMERE. The deep things that there are which, with unthinking people, paſs for ſhallow things, merely becauſe they are clear as well as deep. My fable of the other day, for inſtance—which, inſtead of producing any moral effect upon you two, only ſeemed to make you both inclined to giggle.

MILVERTON. I am ſo glad you reminded me of that. I, too, fired with a noble emulation, have invented a fable ſince we laſt met which I want you to hear. I aſſure you I did not mean to laugh at yours: it was only that it came rather unexpectedly upon me. You are not exactly the perſon from whom one ſhould expect fables.

ELLESMERE. I ſee you want to beſpeak my favour for your bantling. I do not perceive why an unexpected good thing ſhould provoke a ſmile. You ſhall now know what a critic who has been laughed at, can do.

DUNSFORD. Now, for the fable.

MILVERTON. There was a gathering together of creatures hurtful and terrible to man, to name their king. Blight, mildew, darkneſs, mighty waves, fierce winds, Will-o'-the-wiſps, and ſhadows of grim objects, told fearfully their doings and preferred their claims, none prevailing. But when evening came on, a thin miſt curled

itſelf up, deriſively, amidſt the aſſemblage, and ſaid, "I "gather round a mân going to his own home over paths "made by his daily footſteps: and he becomes at once "helpleſs and tame as a child. The lights, meant to "aſſiſt him, then betray. You find him wandering, or "need the aid of other Terrors to ſubdue him. I am, "alone, confuſion to him." And all the aſſemblage bowed before the miſt, and made it king, and ſet it on the brow of many a mountain, where, when it is not doing evil, it may be often ſeen to this day.

DUNSFORD. Well, I like that fable: only I am not quite clear about the meaning.

ELLESMERE. You had no doubt about mine.

DUNSFORD. Is the miſt calumny, Milverton?

ELLESMERE. No, prejudice, I am ſure.

DUNSFORD. Familiarity with the things around us, obſcuring knowledge?

MILVERTON. I would rather not explain. Each of you may make your own fable of it.

DUNSFORD. Well, if ever I make a fable, it ſhall be one of the old faſhioned ſort, with animals for the ſpeakers, and a good eaſy moral.

ELLESMERE. Not a thing requiring the notes of ſeven German metaphyſicians. I muſt go and talk a little to my friends, the trees, and ſee if I can get any explanation from them. It is turning out a beautiful day after all, notwithſtanding my praiſe of its ſolidity.

CHAPTER VII.

We met as uſual at our old ſpot on the lawn for our next reading. I forget what took place before reading, except that Elleſmere was very jocoſe about our reading "Fiction" in doors, and the following "November Eſſay," as he called it, "under a jovial ſun, and with the power of "getting up and walking away from each other "to any extent."

ON THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.

THE Iliad for war; the Odyſſey for wandering: but where is the great domeſtic epic? Yet it is but commonplace to ſay, that paſſions may rage round a tea-table, which would not have miſbecome men daſhing at one another in war-chariots; and evolutions of patience and temper are performed at

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the fireſide, worthy to be compared with the Retreat of the Ten Thouſand. Men have worſhipped ſome fantaſtic being for living alone in a wilderneſs; but ſocial martyrdoms place no ſaints upon the calendar.

We may blind ourſelves to it if we like, but the hatreds and diſguſts that there are behind friendſhip, relationſhip, ſervice, and, indeed, proximity of all kinds, is one of the darkeſt ſpots upon earth. The various relations of life, which bring people together, cannot, as we know, be perfectly fulfilled except in a ſtate where there will, perhaps, be no occaſion for any of them. It is no harm, however, to endeavour to ſee whether there are any methods which may make theſe relations in the leaſt degree more harmonious now.

In the firſt place, if people are to live happily together, they muſt not fancy, becauſe they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly ſimilar up to the preſent time, that they ſtarted exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the ſame mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be aſſured of in ſocial knowledge: it is

to life what Newton's law is to aſtronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own taſtes and opinions into thoſe they live with. Diverſities diſtreſs them. They will not ſee that there are many forms of virtue and wiſdom. Yet we might as well ſay, "Why all theſe ſtars; why "this difference; why not all one ſtar?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace, follow from the above. For inſtance, not to interfere unreaſonably with others, not to ridicule their taſtes, not to queſtion and re-queſtion their reſolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other purſuits than ours, are all baſed upon a thorough perception of the ſimple fact, that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having ſtock ſubjects of diſputation. It moſtly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain ſet topics, around which, from frequent diſpute, there is ſuch a growth of angry words, mortified vanity and the like, that the original ſubject of difference becomes

a ſtanding ſubject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor diſputes to drift down to it.

Again, if people wiſh to live well together, they muſt not hold too much to logic, and ſuppoſe that everything is to be ſettled by ſufficient reaſon. Dr. Johnſon ſaw this clearly with regard to married people, when he ſaid, "wretched "would be the pair above all names of wretched-"neſs, who ſhould be doomed to adjuſt by reaſon, "every morning, all the minute detail of a do-"meſtic day." But the application ſhould be much more general than he made it. There is no time for ſuch reaſonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-ſided reaſoning on any ſubject, we ſhall not be ſure that ſuch contention is the beſt mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unneceſſary criticiſm upon thoſe with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themſelves is very large in any ſociety. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticiſing his actions,

even if it were kindly and juſt criticiſm. It would be like living between the glaſſes of a microſcope. But theſe ſelf-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the perſons they judge brought before them in the guiſe of culprits.

One of the moſt provoking forms of the criticiſm above alluded to, is that which may be called, criticiſm over the ſhoulder. "Had I been con-"ſulted," "had you liſtened to me," "but you "always will," and ſuch ſhort ſcraps of ſentences may remind many of us of diſſertations which we have ſuffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any ſoothing effect.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity ſwallow up all courteſy. Many of us have a habit of ſaying to thoſe with whom we live ſuch things as we ſay about ſtrangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeneſs is of more value than where we moſtly think it would be ſuperfluous. You may ſay more truth, or rather ſpeak out more plainly, to your aſſociates, but not leſs courteouſly, than you do to ſtrangers.

Again, we muſt not expect more from the ſociety of our friends and companions than it can give; and eſpecially muſt not expect contrary

things. It is ſomewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over other minds (mind being, for what we know, infinite): but ſtill we become familiar with the upper views, taſtes and tempers of our aſſociates. And it is hardly in man to eſtimate juſtly what is familiar to him. In travelling along at night, as Hazlitt ſays, we catch a glimpſe into cheerful looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates muſt be. Yet there is Heaven and Hell in thoſe rooms, the ſame Heaven and Hell that we have known in others.

There are two great claſſes of promoters of ſocial happineſs, cheerful people, and people who have ſome reticence. The latter are more ſecure benefits to ſociety even than the former. They are non-conductors of all the heats and animoſities around them. To have peace in a houſe, or a family, or any ſocial circle, the members of it muſt beware of paſſing on haſty and uncharitable ſpeeches, which, the whole of the context ſeldom being told, is often not conveying, but creating, miſchief. They muſt be very good people to avoid doing this; for let human nature ſay what it will, it likes ſometimes to look on at a quarrel: and that, not altogether from ill nature, but from

a love of excitement—for the ſame reaſon that Charles the Second liked to attend the debates in the Lords, becauſe they were "as good as a play."

We come now to the conſideration of temper, which might have been expected to be treated firſt. But to cut off the means and cauſes of bad temper, is, perhaps, of as much importance as any direct dealing with the temper itſelf. Beſides, it is probable that in ſmall ſocial circles there is more ſuffering from unkindneſs than ill-temper. Anger is a thing that thoſe who live under us ſuffer more from than thoſe who live with us. But all the forms of ill-humour and ſour-ſenſitiveneſs, which eſpecially belong to equal intimacy (though indeed they are common to all) are beſt to be met by impaſſiveneſs. When two ſenſitive perſons are ſhut up together, they go on vexing each other with a reproductive irritability.* But ſenſitive and hard people get on well to-

* Madame Necker de Sauſſure's maxim about fairneſs with children has ſuggeſted the above. "Ce qui plie ne peut ſervir "d'appui, et l'enfant veut être appuyé. Non-ſeulement il en a "beſoin, mais il le déſire, mais ſa tendreſſe la plus conſtante n'eſt "qu'à ce prix. Si vous lui faites l'effet d'un autre enfant, ſi vous "partagez ſes paſſions, ſes vacillations continuelle, ſi vous lui ren-"dez tous ſes mouvements en les augmentant, ſoit par la contra-"riété, ſoit par un excès de complaiſance, il pourra ſe ſervir de

gether. The ſupply of temper is not altogether out of the uſual laws of ſupply and demand.

Intimate friends and relations ſhould be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad uſe of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not moſtly proceed from mere careleſſneſs, it would be ſuperlatively ungenerous. You ſeldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weakneſſes, or what are ſuppoſed to be ſuch, if you know his intimate friends or meet him in company with them.

Laſtly, in conciliating thoſe we live with, it is moſt ſurely done, not by conſulting their intereſts, nor by giving way to their opinions, ſo much as by not offending their taſtes. The moſt refined

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" vous comme d'un jouet, mais non être heureux en votre pré-
" ſence ; il pleurera, ſe mutinera, et bientôt le ſouvenir d'un temps
" de déſordre et d'humeur ſe liera avec votre idée. Vous n'avez
" pas été le ſoutien de votre enfant, vous ne l'avez pas préſervé
" de cette fluctuation perpétuelle de la volonté, maladie des êtres
" faibles et livrés à une imagination vive ; vous n'avez aſſuré ni ſa
" paix, ni ſa ſageſſe, ni ſon bonheur, pourquoi vous croirait-il ſa
" mere ?"—*L'Education Progreſſive*. vol. i. p. 228.

part of us lies in this region of taſte which is perhaps a reſult of our whole being, rather than a part of our nature, and at any rate is the region of our moſt ſubtle ſympathies and antipathies.

It may be ſaid that if the great principles of Chriſtianity were attended to, all ſuch rules, ſuggeſtions and obſervations as the above would be needleſs. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and inſights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and ſpirit: moulding the one and expreſſing the other.

ELLESMERE. Quite right that laſt part. Everybody muſt have known really good people, with all Chriſtian temper, but having ſo little Chriſtian prudence as to do a great deal of miſchief in ſociety.

DUNSFORD. There is one caſe, my dear Milverton, which I do not think you have conſidered: the caſe where people live unhappily together, not from any bad relations between each other, but becauſe they do not

agree about the treatment of others. A juſt perſon, for inſtance, who would bear anything for himſelf or herſelf, muſt remonſtrate, at the hazard of any diſagreement, at injuſtice to others.

MILVERTON. Yes. That, however, is a caſe to be decided upon higher conſiderations than thoſe I have been treating of. A man muſt do his duty in the way of preventing injuſtice, and take what comes of it.

ELLESMERE. For people to live happily together, the real ſecret is, that they ſhould not live too much together. Of courſe you cannot ſay that: it would ſound harſh, and cut ſhort the Eſſay altogether.

Again, you talk about taſtes and "region of ſubtle "ſympathies," and all that. I have obſerved that if people's vanity is pleaſed, they live well enough together. Offended vanity is the great ſeparator. You hear a man (call him B) ſaying that he is really not himſelf before So-and-ſo: tell him that So-and-ſo admires him very much and is himſelf rather abaſhed before B; and B is ſtraightway comfortable, and they get on harmoniouſly together, and you hear no more about ſubtle ſympathies.

DUNSFORD. What a low view you do take of things ſometimes, Elleſmere.

MILVERTON. I ſhould not care how low it was, but it is not fair: at leaſt it does not contain the whole matter. In the very caſe he has put, there was a ſubtle embarraſſment between B and So-and-ſo. Well, now, let theſe people, not merely meet occaſionally, but be obliged to live together, without any ſuch explanation as

Elleſmere has imagined; and they will be very uncomfortable from cauſes that you cannot impute to vanity. It takes away much of the ſavour of life, to live amongſt thoſe with whom one has not anything like one's fair value. It may not be mortified vanity, but unſatisfied ſympathy, which cauſes this diſcomfort. B thinks that the other does not know him; he feels that he has no place with the other. When there is intenſe admiration on one ſide, there is hardly a care in the mind of the admiring one as to what eſtimation he is held in. But in ordinary caſes, ſome clearly defined reſpect and acknowledgment of worth is needed on both ſides. See how happy a man is in any office or ſervice, who is acknowledged to do ſomething well. How comfortable he is with his ſuperiors! He has his place. It is not exactly a ſatisfaction of his vanity, but an acknowledgment of his uſeful exiſtence, that contents him. I do not mean to ſay that there are not innumerable claims for acknowledgment of merit and ſervice made by rampant vanity and egotiſm, which claims cannot be ſatisfied, ought not to be ſatisfied, and which, being unſatisfied, embitter people. But I think your word Vanity will not explain all the feelings we have been talking about.

ELLESMERE. Perhaps not.

DUNSFORD. Certainly not.

ELLESMERE. Well, at any rate, you will admit that there is a claſs of dreadfully humble people who make immenſe claims at the very time that they are explaining that they have no claims. They ſay they know they

cannot be eſteemed: they are well aware that they are not wanted, and ſo on; all the while making it a ſort of grievance and a claim that they are not what they know themſelves not to be: whereas, if they did but fall back upon their humility and keep themſelves quiet about their demerits, they would be ſtrong then, and in their place and happy, doing what they could.

MILVERTON. It muſt be confeſſed that theſe people do make their humility ſomewhat obnoxious. Yet, after all, you allow that they know their deficiencies, and they only ſay, "I know I have not much to recommend "me, but I wiſh to be loved, nevertheleſs."

ELLESMERE. Ah, if they only ſaid it a few times! Beſides, there is a little envy mixed up with the humility that I mean.

DUNSFORD. Travelling is a great trial of people's ability to live together.

ELLESMERE. Yes. Lavater ſays that you do not know a man until you have divided an inheritance with him; but I think a long journey with him will do.

MILVERTON. Well, and what is it in travelling that makes people diſagree? Not direct ſelfiſhneſs, but injudicious management; ſtupid regrets, for inſtance, at things not being different from what they are, or from what they might have been, if "the other route" had been choſen; fellow-travellers puniſhing each other with each other's taſtes; getting ſtock ſubjects of diſputation; laughing unſeaſonably at each other's vexations and diſcomforts; and endeavouring to ſettle everything by the force

of ſufficient reaſon, inſtead of by ſome authorized will, or by toſſing up. Thus, in the ſhort time of a journey, almoſt all modes and cauſes of human diſagreement are brought into action.

ELLESMERE. My favourite one not being the leaſt—overmuch of each other's company.

For my part, I think one of the greateſt bores of companionſhip is, not that people wiſh to fit taſtes and notions on you, juſt as they might the firſt pair of ready made ſhoes they met with, a proceſs amuſing enough to the byſtander, but exquiſitely uncomfortable to the perſon being ready-ſhod; but that they bore you with never-ending talk about their purſuits, even when they know that you do not work in the ſame groove with them, and that they cannot hope to make you do ſo.

DUNSFORD. Nobody can accuſe you of that fault, Elleſmere: I never heard you dilate much upon anything that intereſted you, though I have known you have ſome pet ſubject, and to be working at it for months. But this comes of your coldneſs of nature.

ELLESMERE. Well, it might bear a more favourable conſtruction. But to go back to the Eſſay. It only contemplates the fact of people living together as equals, if we may ſo ſay; but in general, of courſe, you muſt add ſome other relationſhip or connexion than that of merely being together.

MILVERTON. I had not overlooked that; but there are certain general rules in the matter that may be applied to nearly all relationſhip, juſt as I have taken that

one from Johnſon, applied by him to married life, about not endeavouring to ſettle all things by reaſoning, and have given it a general application which, I believe, it will bear.

ELLESMERE. There is one thing that I ſhould think muſt often make women very unreaſonable and unpleaſant companions. Oh, you may both hold up your hands and eyes, but I am not married and can ſay what I pleaſe. Of courſe you put on the proper official look of aſtoniſhment; and I will duly report it. But I was going to ſay that Chivalry, which has doubtleſs done a great deal of good, has alſo done a great deal of harm. Women may talk the greateſt unreaſon out of doors, and nobody kindly informs them that it is unreaſon. They do not talk much before clever men, and when they do, their words are humoured and dandled as children's ſayings are. Now, I ſhould fancy—mind I do not want either of you to ſay that my fancy is otherwiſe than quite unreaſonable—I ſhould fancy that when women have to hear reaſon at home it muſt ſound odd to them. The truth is, you know, we cannot pet anything much without doing it miſchief. You cannot pet the intellect, any more than the will, without injuring it. Well then, again, if you put people upon a pedeſtal and do a great deal of worſhip around them, I cannot think but the will in ſuch caſes muſt become rather corrupted, and that leſſons of obedience muſt fall rather harſhly—

DUNSFORD. Why you Mahometan, you Turk of a lawyer—would you do away with all the high things of courteſy, tenderneſs for the weaker, and—

MILVERTON. No, I see what he means, and there is something in it. Many a woman is brought up in unreason and self-will from these causes that he has given, as many a man from other causes, but there is one great corrective that he has omitted, and which is, that all forms, fashions, and outward things, have a tendency to go down before realities when they come hand to hand together. Knowledge and judgment prevail. Governing is apt to fall to the right person in private as in public affairs.

ELLESMERE. Those who give way in public affairs, and let the men who can do a thing, do it, are so far wise that they know what is to be done, mostly. But the very things I am arguing against are the unreason and self-will, which being constantly pampered do not appreciate reason or just sway. Besides, is there not a force in ill-humour and unreason to which you constantly see the wisest bend? You will come round to my opinion some day. I do not want though to convince you. It is no business of mine.

MILVERTON. Well, I may be wrong, but I think, when we come to consider Education, I can shew you how the dangers you fear may be greatly obviated, without Chivalry being obliged to put on a wig and gown, and be wise.

DUNSFORD. Meanwhile, let us enjoy the delightful atmosphere of courtesy, unreasonable sometimes if you like, which saves many people being put down with the best arguments in the most convincing manner, or being

weighed, eſtimated, and given way to, ſo as not to ſpoil them.

ELLESMERE. Do not tell, either of you, what I have been ſaying. I ſhall always be poked up into ſome garret when I come to ſee you, if you do.

DUNSFORD. I think the moſt curious thing, as regards people living together, is the intenſe ignorance they ſometimes are in of each other. Many years ago, one or other of you ſaid ſomething of this kind to me, and I have often thought of it ſince.

MILVERTON. People fulfil a relation towards each other, and they only know each other in that relation, eſpecially if it is badly managed by the ſuperior one; but any way the relationſhip involves ſome ignorance. They perform orbits round each other, each gyrating, too, upon his own axis, and there are parts of the character of each which are never brought into view of the other.

ELLESMERE. I ſhould carry this notion of yours, Milverton, further than you do. There is a peculiar mental relation ſoon conſtituted between aſſociates of any kind, which confines and prevents complete knowledge on both ſides. Each man, in ſome meaſure, therefore, knows others only through himſelf. Tennyſon makes Ulyſſes ſay,

"I am a part of all that I have ſeen;"

it might have run,

"I am a part of all that I have heard."

DUNSFORD. Elleſmere becoming metaphyſical and tranſcendental!

ELLESMERE. Well, well, we will leave theſe heights, and deſcend in little drops of criticiſm. There are two or three things you might have pointed out, Milverton. Perhaps you would ſay that they are included in what you have ſaid, but I think not. You talk of the miſchief of much comment on each other amongſt thoſe who live together. You might have ſhown, I think, that in the caſe of near friends and relations, this comment almoſt deepens into interference—at leaſt it partakes of that nature. Friends and relations ſhould, therefore, be eſpecially careful to avoid needleſs comments on each other. They do juſt the contrary. That is one of the reaſons why they often hate one another ſo much.

DUNSFORD. Elleſmere!

ELLESMERE. Proteſt, if you like, my dear Dunsford.

Diſſentient,

1. Becauſe I wiſh it were not ſo.
2. Becauſe I am ſorry that it is.

(ſigned) DUNSFORD.

MILVERTON. "Hate" is too ſtrong a word, Elleſmere; what you ſay would be true enough, if you would put "are not in ſympathy with."

ELLESMERE. "Have a quiet diſtaſte for." That is the proper medium. Now, to go to another matter. You have not put the caſe of over-managing people, who are tremendous to live with.

MILVERTON. I have ſpoken about "interfering unreaſonably with others."

ELLESMERE. That does not quite convey what I mean. It is when the manager and the managee are both of the ſame mind as to the thing to be done; but the former inſiſts, and inſtructs, and ſuggeſts, and foreſees, till the other feels that all free agency for him is gone.

MILVERTON. It is a ſad thing to conſider how much of their abilities people turn to tireſomeneſs. You ſee a man who would be very agreeable if he were not ſo obſervant: another who would be charming, if he were deaf and dumb: a third delightful, if he did not vex all around him with ſuperfluous criticiſm.

ELLESMERE. A hit at me that laſt, I ſuſpect. But I ſhall go on. You have not, I think, made enough merit of independence in companionſhip. If I were to put into an aphoriſm what I mean, I ſhould ſay, Thoſe who depend wholly on companionſhip, are the worſt companions: or thus, Thoſe deſerve companionſhip who can do without it. There, Mr. Aphoriſer General, what do you ſay to that?

MILVERTON. Very good, but—

ELLESMERE. Of courſe a "but" to other people's aphoriſms, as if every aphoriſm had not buts innumerable. We critics, you know, cannot abide criticiſm. We do all the criticiſm that is needed ourſelves. I wonder at the preſumption ſometimes of you wretched authors. But, to proceed. You have not ſaid anything about the miſ-

chief of ſuperfluous condolence amongſt people who live together. I flatter myſelf that I could condole anybody out of all peace of mind.

MILVERTON. All depends upon whether condolence goes with the grain, or againſt the grain, of vanity. I know what you mean, however: For inſtance, it is a very abſurd thing to fret much over other people's courſes, not conſidering the knowledge and diſcipline that there is in any courſe that a man may take. And it is ſtill more abſurd to be conſtantly ſhowing the people fretted over, that you are fretting over them. I think a good deal of what you call ſuperfluous condolence would come under the head of ſuperfluous criticiſm.

ELLESMERE. Not altogether. In companionſhip, when an evil happens to one of the circle, the others ſhould ſimply attempt to ſhare and lighten it, not to expound it, or dilate on it, or make it the leaſt darker. The perſon afflicted generally apprehends all the blackneſs ſufficiently. Now, unjuſt abuſe by the world is to me like the howling of the wind at night when one is warm within. Bring any draught of it into one's houſe though; and it is not ſo pleaſant.

DUNSFORD. Talking of companionſhip, do not you think there is often a peculiar feeling of home where age and infirmity is? The arm-chair of the ſick, or the old, is the centre of the houſe. They think, perhaps, that they are unimportant; but all the houſehold hopes and cares flow to them and from them.

MILVERTON. I quite agree with you. What you have juſt depicted is a beautiful ſight, eſpecially when, as you often ſee, the age or infirmity is not in the leaſt ſelfiſh or exacting.

ELLESMERE. We have ſaid a great deal about the companionſhip of human beings: but, upon my word, we ought to have kept a few words for our dog friends. Rollo has been lolling out his great tongue, and looking wiſtfully from face to face, as we each began our talk. A few minutes ago he was quite concerned, thinking I was angry with you, when I would not let you "but" my aphoriſm. I am not ſure which of the three I ſhould rather go out walking with now: Dunsford, Rollo, Milverton. The middle one is the ſafeſt companion. I am ſure not to get out of humour with him. But I have no objection to try the whole three: only I vote for much continuity of ſilence, as we have had floods of diſcuſſion to-day.

DUNSFORD. Agreed!

ELLESMERE. Come, Rollo! you may bark now, as you have been ſilent, like a wiſe dog, all the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was arranged, during our walk, that Elleſmere ſhould come and ſtay a day or two with me, and ſee the neighbouring cathedral which is nearer my houſe than Milverton's. The viſit over, I brought him back to Worth Aſhton. Milverton ſaw us coming, walked down the hill to meet us, and after the uſual greetings, began to talk to Elleſmere.

Milverton. So you have been to ſee our cathedral. I ſay "our," for when a cathedral is within ten miles of us, we feel a property in it, and are ready to do battle for its architectural merits.

Ellesmere. You know I am not a man to rave about cathedrals.

Milverton. I certainly do not expect you to do ſo. To me a cathedral is moſtly ſomewhat of a ſad ſight. You have Grecian monuments, if anything ſo miſplaced can be called Grecian, imbedded againſt and cutting into, gothic pillars; the doors ſhut for the greater part of the day; only a little bit of the building uſed; beadledom predominant; the clink of money here and there; white-

waſh in vigour; the ſinging indifferent; the ſermons not indifferent but bad; and ſome viſiters from London forming, perhaps, the moſt important part of the audience: in fact the thing having become a ſhow. We look about, thinking when piety filled every corner, and feel that the cathedral is too big for the religion, which is a dried-up thing that rattles in this empty ſpace.

ELLESMERE. That is the boldeſt ſimile I have heard a long time. My theory about Cathedrals is very different, I muſt confeſs.

DUNSFORD. Theory!

ELLESMERE. Well, "theory" is not the word I ought to have uſed—feeling then. My feeling is, how ſtrong this creature was, this worſhip, how beautiful, how alluring, how complete: but there was ſomething ſtronger—truth.

MILVERTON. And more beautiful?

ELLESMERE. Yes, and far more beautiful.

MILVERTON. Doubtleſs, to the free ſpirits who brought truth forward.

ELLESMERE. You are only ſaying this, Milverton, to try what I will ſay: but deſpite of all ſentimentalities, you ſympathize with any emancipation of the human mind, as I do, however much the meagreneſs of Proteſtantiſm may be at times diſtaſteful to you.

MILVERTON. I did not ſay I was anxious to go back. Certainly not. But what ſays Dunsford? Let us ſit down on this ſtile and hear what he has to ſay.

DUNSFORD. I cannot talk with you about this ſubject.

If I tell you of all the merits (as they ſeem to me) of the Church of England, you will both pick what I ſay to pieces, whereas if I leave you to fight on, one or the other will avail himſelf of thoſe arguments on which our church is baſed.

MILVERTON. Well, Dunsford, you are very candid, and would make a complete diplomatiſt: truth-telling being now pronounced (rather late in the day) the very acmé of diplomacy. But, do you not own that our cathedrals are ſadly miſuſed?

DUNSFORD. Now, very likely, if more were made of them, you and men who think like you, would begin to cry out "ſuperſtition;" and would inſtantly turn round and inveigh againſt the uſes which you now, perhaps, imagine for cathedrals.

MILVERTON. Well, one never can anſwer for one's ſelf; but at any rate, I do not ſee what is the meaning of building new churches in neighbourhoods where there are already the nobleſt buildings ſuitable for the ſame purpoſes. Is there a church religion, and is there a cathedral religion?

ELLESMERE. You cannot make the preſent fill the garb of the paſt, Milverton, any more than you could make the paſt fill that of the preſent. Now, as regards the very thing you are about to diſcuſs to-day, if it be the ſame you told us in our laſt walk—education; if you are only going to give us ſome inſtitution for it, I dare ſay it may be very good for to-day, or for this generation, but it will have its ſere and yellow leaf, and there will be a

time when future Milvertons, in ſentimental mood, will moan over it, and wiſh they had it and all that has grown up to take its place, at the ſame time. But all this is what I have often heard you ſay yourſelf in other words.

DUNSFORD. This is very hard doctrine, and not quite ſound, I think. In getting the new gain, we always ſacrifice ſomething, and we ſhould look with ſome pious regard to what was good in the things which are paſt. That good is generally one which, though it may not be equal to the preſent, would make a moſt valuable ſupplement to it.

MILVERTON. I would try and work in the old good thing with the new, not as patchwork though, but making the new thing grow out in ſuch a way as to embrace the old advantage.

ELLESMERE. Well, we muſt have the eſſay before we branch out into our philoſophy. Pleaſure afterwards, I will not ſay what comes firſt.

EDUCATION.

THE word education is ſo large, that one may almoſt as well put "world," or "the end and object of being," at the head of an eſſay. It ſhould, therefore, ſoon be declared what ſuch a heading does mean. The

word education ſuggeſts chiefly to ſome minds what the ſtate can do for thoſe whom they conſider its young people—the children of the poorer claſſes: to others, it preſents the idea of all the training that can be got for money at ſchools and colleges, and which can be fairly accompliſhed and ſhut in at the age of one and twenty. This eſſay, however, will not be a treatiſe on government education, or other ſchool and college education, but will only contain a few points in reference to the general ſubject, which may eſcape more methodical and enlarged diſcuſſions.

In the firſt place, as regards government education, it muſt be kept in mind that there is a danger of its being too interfering and formal, of its overlying private enterpriſe, inſiſting upon too much uniformity, and injuring local connexions and regards. Education, even in the pooreſt acceptation of the word, is a great thing; but the harmonious intercourſe of different ranks, if not a greater, is a more difficult one; and we muſt not gain the former at any conſiderable ſacrifice of the latter.

There is another point connected with this branch of the ſubject, which requires, perhaps, to

be noted. If government provision is made in any case, might it not be combined with private payment in other cases, or enter in the way of rewards, so as to do good throughout each step of the social ladder? The lowest kind of school education is a power, and it is desirable that the gradations of this power should correspond to other influences which we know to be good. For instance, a hard-working man saves something to educate his children; if he can get a little better education for them than other parents of his own rank for theirs, it is an incentive and a reward to him, and the child's bringing up at home is a thing which will correspond to this better education at school. In this there are the elements at once of stability and progress.

These views may possibly seem too refined, but at any rate they require consideration.

The next branch of the subject is the ordinary education of young persons not of the poorest classes, with which the state has hitherto had little or nothing to do. This may be considered under four heads: religious, moral, intellectual, and physical education. With regard to the first, there is not much that can be put into rules about it.

Parents and tutors will naturally be anxious to impreſs thoſe under their charge with the religious opinions which they themſelves hold. In doing this, however, they ſhould not omit to lay a foundation for charity towards people of other religious opinions. For this purpoſe, it may be requiſite to give a child a notion that there are other creeds beſides that in which it is brought up itſelf. And, eſpecially, let it not ſuppoſe that all good and wiſe people are of its church or chapel. However deſirable it may appear to the perſon teaching, that there ſhould be ſuch a thing as unity of religion, yet as the facts of the world are againſt his wiſhes, and as this is the world which the child is to enter, it is well that the child ſhould in reaſonable time be informed of theſe facts. It may be ſaid in reply that hiſtory ſufficiently informs children on theſe points. But the world of the young is the domeſtic circle; all beyond is fabulous, unleſs brought home to them by comment. The exiſtence, therefore, of different opinions in religious matters being held by good people ſhould ſometimes be dwelt upon, inſtead of being ſhunned, if we would ſecure a ground-work of tolerance in a child's mind.

INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

In the intellectual part of education, there is the abſolute knowledge to be acquired: and the ways of acquiring knowledge to be gained. The latter of courſe form the moſt important branch. They can, in ſome meaſure, be taught. Give children little to do, make much of its being accurately done. This will give accuracy. Inſiſt upon ſpeed in learning, with careful reference to the original powers of the pupil. This ſpeed gives the habit of concentrating attention, one of the moſt valuable of mental habits. Then cultivate logic. Logic is not the hard matter that is fancied. A young perſon, eſpecially after a little geometrical training, may ſoon be taught to perceive where a fallacy exiſts, and whether an argument is well ſuſtained. It is not, however, ſufficient for him to be able to examine ſharply and to pull to pieces. He muſt learn how to build. This is done by method. The higher branches of method cannot be taught at firſt. But you may begin by teaching orderlineſs of mind. Collecting, claſſifying, contraſting and weighing facts, are ſome of the proceſſes by which method is taught. When theſe four things, ac-

curacy, attention, logic and method are attained, the intellect is fairly furniſhed with its inſtruments.

As regards the things to be taught, they will vary to ſome extent in each age. The general courſe of education purſued at any particular time may not be the wiſeſt by any means, and greatneſs will overleap it and neglect it, but the maſs of men may go more ſafely and comfortably, if not with the ſtream, at leaſt by the ſide of it.

In the choice of ſtudies, too much deference ſhould not be paid to the bent of a young perſon's mind. Excellence in one or two things which may have taken the fancy of a youth, (or which really may ſuit his genius), will ill compenſate for a complete ignorance of thoſe branches of ſtudy which are very repugnant to him; and which are therefore, not likely to be learnt when he has freedom in the choice of his ſtudies.

Amongſt the firſt things to be aimed at in the intellectual part of education, is variety of purſuit. A human being, like a tree, if it is to attain to perfect ſymmetry, muſt have light and air given to it from all quarters. This may be done without making men ſuperficial. Scientific method may be acquired without many ſciences being learnt.

But one or two great branches of ſcience muſt be accurately known. So, too, the choice works of antiquity may be thoroughly appreciated without extenſive reading. And paſſing on from mere learning of any kind, a variety of purſuits, even in what may be called accompliſhments, is eminently ſerviceable. Much may be ſaid of the advantage of keeping a man to few purſuits, and of the great things done thereby in the making of pins and needles. But in this matter, we are not thinking of the things that are to be done, but of the perſons who are to do them. Not wealth but men. A number of one-ſided men may make a great nation, though I much incline to doubt that; but ſuch a nation will not contain a number of great men.

The very advantage that flows from diviſion of labour, and the probable conſequence that men's future bread-getting purſuits will be more and more ſubdivided, and, therefore, limited, make it the more neceſſary that a man ſhould begin life with a broad baſis of intereſt in many things which may cultivate his faculties and develope his nature. This multifariouſneſs of purſuit is needed alſo in the education of the poor. Civilization has made it eaſy for a man to brutalize him-

ſelf: how is this to be counteracted but by endowing him with many purſuits which may diſtract him from vice? It is not that kind of education which leads to no employment in after life, that will do battle with vice. But when education enlarges the field of life-long good purſuits, it becomes formidable to the ſoul's worſt enemies.

MORAL EDUCATION.

In conſidering moral education, we muſt recollect that there are three agents in this matter—the child himſelf, the influence of his grown-up friends, and that of his contemporaries. All that his grown-up friends tell him in the way of experience goes for very little, except in palpable matters. They talk of abſtractions which he cannot comprehend: and "the Arabian Nights" is a truer world to him than that they talk of. Still, though they cannot furniſh experience, they can give motives. Indeed, in their daily intercourſe with the child, they are always doing ſo. For inſtance, truth, courage and kindneſs are the great moral qualities to be inſtilled. Take courage, in its higheſt form—moral courage. If a child perpetually hears ſuch phraſes (and eſpecially if they are applied to his own conduct), as "what people will

ſay," "how they will look at you," "what they will think," and the like, it tends to deſtroy all juſt ſelf-reliance in that child's mind, and to ſet up inſtead an exaggerated notion of public opinion, the greateſt tyrant of theſe times. People can ſee this in ſuch an obvious thing as animal courage. They will avoid over-cautioning children againſt phyſical dangers, knowing that the danger they talk much about will become a bugbear to the child which it may never get rid of. But a ſimilar peril lurks in the application of moral motives. Truth, courage and kindneſs are likely to be learnt, or not, by children, according as they hear and receive encouragement in the direction of theſe pre-eminent qualities. When attempt is made to frighten a child with theſe worldly maxims "What will be ſaid of you?" "Are you like ſuch a one?" and ſuch things, it is meant to draw him under the rule of grown-up reſpectability. The laſt thing thought of by the parent or teacher is, that ſuch maxims will bring the child under the eſpecial guidance of the moſt unſcrupulous of his contemporaries. They will uſe ridicule and appeal to their little world which will be his world, and aſk, "what will be ſaid" of him. There ſhould be ſome ſtuff in him of his own to meet theſe awful generalities.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE phyſical education of children is a very ſimple matter, too ſimple to be much attended to, without great perſeverance and reſolution on the part of thoſe who care for the children. It conſiſts, as we all know, in good air, ſimple diet, ſufficient exerciſe and judicious clothing. The firſt requiſite is the moſt important and by far the moſt frequently neglected. This neglect is not ſo unreaſonable as it ſeems. It ariſes from pure ignorance. If the maſs of mankind knew what ſcientific men know, about the functions of the air, they would be as careful in getting a good ſupply of it as of their other food. All the people that ever were ſuppoſed to die of poiſon in the middle ages, and that means nearly every body whoſe death was worth ſpeculating about, are not ſo many as thoſe who die poiſoned by bad air in the courſe of any given year. Even a ſlightly noxious thing which is conſtant, affecting us every moment of the day, muſt have a conſiderable influence; but the air we breathe is not a thing that ſlightly affects us, but one of the moſt important elements of life. Moreover, children are the moſt affected by impurity of air. We need not weary ourſelves with much ſtatiſtics

to aſcertain this. One or two broad facts will aſſure us of it. In Nottingham there is a diſtrict called Byron Ward, "the denſeſt and worſt-conditioned quarter of the town." A table has been made by Mr. Hawkſley of the mortality of equal populations in different parts of the town:

"On comparing the diagram No. 1, relating to Park "Ward with the diagram No. 7, relating to Byron "Ward, it will be ſeen that the heavier preſſure of the "cauſes of mortality occaſion in the latter diſtrict ſuch "an undue deſtruction of early life, that towards 100 "deaths, however occurring, Byron Ward contributes "50 per cent. more of children under five years of age "than the Park Ward, for the former ſends 60 ſuch "children to an early grave, while the latter ſends only "40."*

Mr. Hawkſley, the former witneſs alluded to, goes on to ſay,

"It has been long known that, with increaſe of years, "up to that period of life which has been denominated "the ſecond childhood, the human conſtitution becomes "gradually more reſiſtful, and as it were, ſlowly har-"dened againſt the repeated attacks of thoſe more acute

* See Health of Towns Reports. Vol. i. p. 336. A ſimilar reſult may be deduced from a ſimilar table made by the Rev. J. Clay of Preſton. See the ſame Report and vol. p. 175.

" diſorders incident to an inferior degree of ſanatory " civilization, by which large portions of an infant po- " pulation are continually overcome and rapidly ſwept " away. From the operation of theſe and other more " extraneous influences of a diſturbing character, an " infant population is almoſt entirely exempted; and on " this account, it is conſidered that an infant population " conſtitutes as it were a delicate barometer, from which " we may derive more early and more certain indica- " tions of the preſence and comparative force of *local* " cauſes of mortality and diſeaſe than can be obtained " from the more general methods of inveſtigation uſually " purſued."

The above evidence is confirmed by Mr. Toynbee:

" The diſeaſe of hydrocephalus, or water in the brain, " ſo fatal to children, I find aſſociated with ſymptoms of " ſcrofula, and ariſing in abundance in theſe cloſe rooms. " I believe water in the brain, in the claſs of patients " whom I viſit, to be almoſt wholly a ſcrofulous affec- " tion."*

But ſuppoſing people aware of the neceſſity for good air, and therefore, for ventilation, what is to be done? In houſes in great towns certainly, and I ſhould ſay in all houſes, ſome of the care

* See Health of Towns Report. Vol. i. p. 75.

and expenſe that are devoted to ornamental work, which when done is often a care, a trouble, an eyeſore and a miſchief, ſhould be given to modes of ventilation,* ſound building, abundant acceſs of light, largeneſs of ſleeping rooms and ſuch uſeful things. Leſs ormolu and tinſel of all kinds in the drawing rooms, and ſweeter air in the regions above. Similar things may be done for and by the poor.† And it need hardly be ſaid that thoſe people who care for their children, if of any enlightenment at all, will care greatly for the ſanatory condition of their neighbourhood generally. At preſent you will find at many a rich man's door‡ a nuiſance which is poiſoning the atmoſphere that his children are to breathe, but which he could entirely cure for leſs than one day's ordinary expenſes.

I am afraid that ventilation is very little attended to in ſchool-rooms either for rich or poor.

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* See Dr. Arnott's letter. Claims of Labour, p. 282.

† By zinc-ventilators, for inſtance, in the windows and openings into the flues at the top of the rooms. See Health of Towns Report, 1844. Vol. i. pp. 76, 77. Mr. Coulhart's evidence, ibid. pp. 307, 308.

‡ There are ſeveral thouſand gratings to ſewers and drains which are utterly uſeleſs on account of their poſition, and poſitively injurious from their emanations. Mr. Guthrie's evidence, ibid. Vol. ii. p. 255.

Now it may be deliberately ſaid, that there is very little learnt in any ſchool-room that can compenſate for the miſchief of its being learnt in the midſt of impure air. This is a thing which parents muſt look to; for the grown-up people in the ſchool-rooms, though ſuffering grievouſly themſelves from inſufficient ventilation, will be unobſervant of it.* In every ſyſtem of government inſpection, ventilation muſt occupy a prominent part.

The advantage of ſimple food for children is a thing that people have found out. And as regards exerciſe, children happily make great efforts to provide a ſufficiency of this for themſelves. In clothing, the folly and conformity of grown-up people enter again. Loving mothers, in various parts of the world, carry about at preſent, I believe, and certainly in times paſt carried, their little children ſtrapped to a board, with nearly as little power of motion as the board

* Mr. Wood ſtates that the maſters and miſtreſſes were generally ignorant of the depreſſing and unhealthy effects of the atmoſphere which ſurround them, and he mentions the caſe of the miſtreſs of a dame-ſchool who replied, when he pointed out this to her, that "the children thrived beſt in dirt!" Health of Towns Report. Vol. i. pp. 146, 147.

itſelf. Could we get the returns of ſtunted miſerable beings, or of deaths, from this cauſe, they would be ſomething portentous. Leſs in degree, but not leſs fatally abſurd in principle, are many of the ſtrappings, bandages and incipient ſtays for children amongſt us. They are all miſchievous. Allow children at any rate ſome freedom of limbs, ſome opportunity of being graceful and healthy. Give nature—dear, motherly, much-abuſed Nature—ſome chance of forming theſe little ones according to the beneficent intentions of Providence, and not according to the angular deſigns of ill-educated men and women.

I do not ſay that attention to the above matters of good air, judicious clothing, and freedom from bandages, will abſolutely ſecure health, becauſe theſe very things may have been ſo ill attended to in the parents or in the parental ſtock, as to have introduced ſpecial maladies: but at leaſt they are the moſt important objects to be minded now: and, perhaps, the more to be minded in the children of thoſe who have ſuffered moſt from neglect in theſe particulars.

When we are conſidering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of keeping their brains fallow, as it were, for

ſeveral of the firſt years of their exiſtence. The miſchief perpetrated by a contrary courſe in the ſhape of bad health, peeviſh temper, and developed vanity, is incalculable. It would not be juſt to attribute this altogether to the vanity of parents: they are influenced by a natural fear leſt their children ſhould not have all the advantages of other children. Some infant prodigy which is a ſtandard of miſchief throughout its neighbourhood, miſleads them. But parents may be aſſured that this early work is not by any means all gain, even in the way of work. I ſuſpect it is a loſs; and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake thoſe who have been in harneſs long before them. And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at ſix years old than its compeers, eſpecially if this is to be gained by a ſacrifice of health which may never be regained? There may be ſome excuſe for this early book-work in the caſe of thoſe children who are to live by manual labour. It is worth while perhaps to run the riſk of ſome phyſical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book-knowledge. The chance of miſchief, too, will be leſs, being more likely to be counteracted by their after life.

But for a child, who is to be at book-work for the firſt twenty-one years of its life, what folly it is to exhauſt in the leaſt the mental energy which after all is its ſureſt implement.

A ſimilar courſe of argument applies to taking children early to church, and to over-developing their minds in any way. There is no knowing, moreover, the diſguſt and wearineſs that may grow up in the minds of young perſons from their attention being prematurely claimed. We are now, however, looking at early ſtudy as a matter of health; and we may certainly put it down in the ſame claſs with impure air, ſtimulating diet, unneceſſary bandages, and other manifeſt phyſical diſadvantages. Civilized life, as it advances, does not ſeem to have ſo much repoſe in it, that we need begin early in exciting the mind, for fear of the man being too lethargical hereafter.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

It ſeems needful that ſomething ſhould be ſaid ſpecially about the education of women. As regards their intellects they have been unkindly treated—too much flattered, too little reſpected. They are ſhut up in a world of conventionalities, and naturally believe that to be the only world.

The theory of their education ſeems to be, that they ſhould not be made companions to men, and ſome would ſay, they certainly are not. Theſe critics, however, in the high imaginations they juſtly form of what women's ſociety might be to men, forget, perhaps, how excellent a thing it is already. Still the criticiſm is not by any means wholly unjuſt. It appears rather as if there had been a falling off ſince the older times in the education of women. A writer of modern days, arguing on the other ſide, has ſaid, that though we may talk of the Latin and Greek of Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth, yet we are to conſider that that was the only learning of the time, and that many a modern lady may be far better inſtructed, although ſhe know nothing of Latin and Greek. Certain it is, ſhe may know more facts, have read more books; but this does not aſſure us that ſhe may not be leſs converſable, leſs companionable. Wherein does the cultivated and thoughtful man differ from the common man? In the method of his diſcourſe. His queſtions upon a ſubject in which he is ignorant are full of intereſt. His talk has a groundwork of reaſon. This rationality muſt not be ſuppoſed to be dulneſs. Folly is dull. Now, would women be leſs charming, if

they had more power, or at leaſt more appreciation, of reaſoning? Their flatterers tell them that their intuition is ſuch, that they need not man's ſlow proceſſes of thought. One would be very ſorry to have a grave queſtion of law that concerned one's ſelf decided upon by intuitive judges, or a queſtion of fact by intuitive jurymen. And ſo of all human things that have to be canvaſſed, it is better, and more amuſing too, that they ſhould be diſcuſſed according to reaſon. Moreover, the exerciſe of the reaſoning faculties gives much of the pleaſure which there is in ſolid acquirements; ſo that the obvious facts in life and hiſtory will hardly be acquired by thoſe who are not in the habit of reaſoning upon them. Hence it comes, that women have leſs intereſt in great topics, and leſs knowledge of them, than they might have.

Again, if either ſex requires logical education, it is theirs. The ſharp practice of the world drives ſome logic into the moſt vague of men: women are not ſo ſchooled.

But, ſuppoſing the deficiency we have been conſidering to be admitted, how is it to be remedied? Women's education muſt be made ſuch as to enſure ſome accuracy and reaſoning. This

may be done with any ſubject of education, and is done with men, whatever they learn, becauſe they are expected to produce and uſe their acquirements. But the greateſt object of intellectual education, the improvement of the mental powers, is as needful for one ſex as the other, and requires the ſame means in both ſexes. The ſame accuracy, attention, logic and method that are attempted in the education of men, ſhould be aimed at in that of women. This will never be ſufficiently attended to, as there are no immediate and obvious fruits from it. And, therefore, as it is probable, from the different career of women to that of men, that whatever women ſtudy will not be ſtudied with the ſame method and earneſtneſs as it would be by men, what a peculiar advantage there is in any ſtudy for them, in which no proficiency whatever can be made without ſome uſe of moſt of the qualities we deſire for them. Geometry, for inſtance, is ſuch a ſtudy. It may appear pedantic, but I muſt confeſs that Euclid ſeems to me a book for the young of both ſexes. The ſevere rules upon which the acquiſition of the dead languages is built, would of courſe be a great means for attaining the logical habits in queſtion. But Latin and Greek is a deeper pedantry for

women than geometry, and much leſs deſirable on many accouhts; and geometry would, perhaps, ſuffice to teach them what reaſoning is. I dare ſay, too, there are accompliſhments which might be taught ſcientifically; and ſo even the prejudice againſt the manifeſt ſtudy of ſcience by women be conciliated. But the appreciation of reaſoning muſt be got ſomehow.

It is a narrow view of things to ſuppoſe that a juſt cultivation of women's mental powers will take them out of their ſphere: it will only enlarge that ſphere. The moſt cultivated women perform their common duties beſt. They ſee more in thoſe duties. They can do more. Lady Jane Grey would, I dare ſay, have bound up a wound, or managed a houſehold, with any unlearned woman of her day. Queen Elizabeth did manage a kingdom: and we find no pedantry in her way of doing it.

People who advocate a better training for women muſt not, neceſſarily, be ſuppoſed to imagine that men and women are by education to be made alike and are intended to fulfil moſt of the ſame offices. There ſeems reaſon for thinking that a boundary line exiſts between the intellects of men and women which, perhaps, cannot be

paſſed over from either ſide. But, at any rate, taking the whole nature of both ſexes, and the inevitable circumſtances which cauſe them to differ, there muſt be ſuch a difference between men and women, that the ſame intellectual training applied to both would produce moſt diſſimilar reſults. It has not, however, been propoſed in theſe pages to adopt the ſame training: and would have been ſtill leſs likely to be propoſed, if it could be ſhown that ſuch training would tend to make men and women unpleaſantly ſimilar to each other. The utmoſt that has been thought of here, is to make more of women's faculties, not by any means to tranſlate them into men's—if ſuch a thing were poſſible, which, we may venture to ſay, is not. There are ſome things that are good for all trees —light, air, room—but no one expects by affording ſome ſimilar advantages of this kind to an oak and a beech, to find them aſſimilate, though by ſuch means the beſt of each may be produced.

Moreover, it ſhould be recollected that the purpoſe of education is not always to foſter natural gifts, but ſometimes to bring out faculties that might otherwiſe remain dormant; and eſpecially ſo far as to make the perſons educated cognizant of excellence in thoſe faculties in others. A cer-

tain tact and refinement belong to women, in which they have little to learn from the firſt: men, too, who attain ſome portion of theſe qualities, are greatly the better for them, and I ſhould imagine not leſs acceptable on that account to women. So, on the other ſide, there may be an intellectual cultivation for women, which may ſeem a little againſt the grain, which would not, however, injure any of their peculiar gifts, would in fact carry thoſe gifts to the higheſt, and would increaſe withal, both to men and women, the pleaſure of each other's ſociety.

There is a branch of general education which is not thought at all neceſſary for women; as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the oppoſite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed to ſome perſons courage may ſeem as unneceſſary for women as Latin and Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themſelves, and more acceptable to thoſe with whom they live, than courage. There are many women of the preſent day, ſenſible women in other things, whoſe panic terrors are a frequent ſource of diſcomfort to themſelves and thoſe around them. Now, it is a great miſtake to ima-

gine that hardneſs muſt go with courage; and that the bloom of gentleneſs and ſympathy muſt all be rubbed off by that vigour of mind which gives preſence of mind, enables a perſon to be uſeful in peril, and makes the deſire to aſſiſt overcome that ſicklineſs of ſenſibility which can only contemplate diſtreſs and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in thoſe beings who have little active power of attack or defence, paſſing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the ſtrongeſt. We ſee this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the ſweet and noble dignity of an Anne Bullen, a Mary Queen of Scots, or a Marie Antoinette. We ſee that it is grand for theſe delicately bred, high-nurtured, helpleſs perſonages to meet Death with a ſilence and a confidence like his own. But there would be a ſimilar dignity in women's bearing ſmall terrors with fortitude. There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, ugly, diſhevelled creature. No ſtatue can be made of it that a woman would wiſh to ſee herſelf like.

Women are pre-eminent in ſteady endurance of tireſome ſuffering: they need not be far behind men in a becoming courage to meet that which is ſudden and ſharp. The dangers and

the troubles, too, which we may venture to say they now ſtart at unreaſonably, are many of them mere creatures of the imagination—ſuch as, in their way, diſturb high-mettled animals brought up to ſee too little, and therefore frightened at any leaf blown acroſs the road.

We may be quite ſure that without loſing any of the moſt delicate and refined of feminine graces, women may be taught not to give way to unreaſonable fears, which ſhould belong no more to the fragile than to the robuſt.

There is no doubt that courage may in ſome meaſure be taught. We agree that the lower kinds of courage are matter of habit, therefore of teaching: and the ſame thing holds good to ſome extent of all courage. Courage is as contagious as fear. The ſaying is, that the brave are the ſons and daughters of the brave; but we might as truly ſay, that they muſt be brought up by the brave. The great noveliſt, when he wants to ſhow a coward deſcended from a valorous race, does well to take him from his clan and bring him up in an unwarlike home.* Indeed the heroic example of other days, is in great part the

* See "Fair Maid of Perth."

ſource of the courage of each generation: and men walk up compoſedly to the moſt perilous enterpriſes, beckoned onwards by the ſhades of the brave that were. In civil courage, moral courage, or courage ſhown in the minute circumſtances of every day life, the ſame law is true. Courage may be taught by precept, enforced by example, and is good to be taught to men, women and children.

EDUCATION TO HAPPINESS.

It is a curious phenomenon in human affairs, that ſome of thoſe matters in which education is moſt potent, ſhould have been amongſt the leaſt thought of as branches of it. What you teach a boy of Latin and Greek may be good; but theſe things are with him but a little time of each day in his after life. What you teach him of direct moral precepts may be very good ſeed: it may grow up, eſpecially if it have ſufficient moiſture from experience; but then again, a man is, happily, not doing obvious right or wrong all day long. What you teach him of any bread-getting art, may be of ſome import to him, as to the quantity and quality of bread he will get; but he is not always with his art. With himſelf he is always. How

important, then, it is, whether you have given him a happy, or a morbid, turn of mind; whether the current of his life is a clear wholeſome ſtream, or bitter as Marah. The education to happineſs is a poſſible thing—not to a happineſs ſuppoſed to reſt upon enjoyments of any kind, but to one built upon content and reſignation. This is the beſt part of philoſophy. This enters into the "wiſdom" ſpoken of in the Scriptures. Now it can be taught. The converſe is taught every day and all day long.

To take an example. A ſenſitive diſpoſition may deſcend to a child; but it is alſo very commonly increaſed, and often created. Captiouſneſs, ſenſitiveneſs, and a Martha-like care for the things of this world, are often the direct fruits of education. All theſe faults of the character, and they are amongſt the greateſt, may be ſummed up in a diſproportionate care for little things. This is rather a growing evil. The painful neatneſs and exactneſs of modern life foſter it. Long peace favours it. Trifles become more important, great evils being kept away. And ſo, the tide of ſmall wiſhes and requirements gains upon us fully as faſt as we can get out of its way by our improved means of ſatisfying them. Now the un-

wholeſome concern that many parents and governors manifeſt as to ſmall things, muſt have a great influence on the governed. You hear a child reprimanded about a point of dreſs, or ſome trivial thing, as if it had committed a treachery. The criticiſms too, which it hears upon others are often of the ſame kind. Small omiſſions, ſmall commiſſions, falſe ſhame, little ſtumbling blocks of offence, trifling grievances of the kind that Dr. Johnſon, who had known hunger, ſtormed at Mrs. Thrale for talking about, general diſſatisfaction that things are not complete, and that every thing in life is not turned out as neat as a Long-Acre carriage, the expecting things to be done by agents, upon very rapid and incomplete orders, exactly to the mind of the perſon ordering—theſe ways, to which children are very attentive, teach them in their turn to be querulous, ſenſitive, and full of ſmall cares and wiſhes. And when you have made a child like this, can you make a world for him that will ſatisfy him? Tax your civilization to the uttermoſt: a punctilious, tireſome diſpoſition expects more. Indeed nature, with her vague and flowing ways, cannot at all fit in with a right-angled perſon. Beſides, there are other preciſe angular creatures, and theſe ſharp-edged

perſons wound each other terribly. Of all the things which you can teach people, after teaching them to truſt in God, the moſt important is, to put out of their hearts any expectation of perfection, according to their notions, in this world. This expectation is at the bottom of the world-lineſs we hear ſo much reprehended, and neceſſarily gives to little things a moſt irrational importance.

Obſerve the effect of this diſproportionate care for little things in the diſputes of men. A man who does ſo care, has a garment embroidered with hooks, which catches at every thing that paſſes by. He finds many more cauſes of offence than other men: and each offence is a more bitter thing to him than to others. He does not expect to be offended. Poor man! He goes through life wondering that he is the ſubject of general attack, and that the world is ſo quarrelſome.

The reſult of a bad education in developing undue care for trifles, may be ſeen in its effect on domeſtic government and government in general. If thoſe in power have this fault, they will make the perſons under them miſerable by petty, conſtant blame; or they will make them indifferent to all blame. If this fault is in the governed,

they will captiouſly object to all the ways and plans of their ſuperiors, not knowing the difficulty of doing anything; they will expect miracles of attention, juſtice and temper, which the rough-hewed ways of men do not admit of; and they will repine and teaſe the life out of thoſe in authority. Sometimes, both ſuperiors and inferiors, governors and governed, have this fault. This muſt often happen in a family, and is a fearful puniſhment to the elders of it. Scarcely any goodneſs of diſpoſition and what are called great qualities, can make ſuch difficult materials work well together.

But I end with ſomewhat of the ſame argument as I began with; namely, that as a man lives more with himſelf than with art, ſcience, or even with his fellows, a wiſe teacher having before him the intent to make a happy minded man of his pupil, will try to lay a groundwork of divine contentment in him. If he cannot make him eaſily pleaſed, he will, at leaſt, try and prevent him from being eaſily diſconcerted. Why, even the ſelf-conceit that makes people indifferent to ſmall things, wrapping them in an atmoſphere of ſelf-ſatisfaction, is welcome in a man compared to that querulouſneſs which makes him an enemy to

all around. But moſt commendable is that eaſineſs of mind, which is eaſy becauſe it is tolerant, becauſe it does not look to have everything its own way, becauſe it expects anything but ſmooth uſage in its courſe here, becauſe it has reſolved to manufacture as few miſeries out of ſmall evils as can be.

Moſt of us know what it is to vex our minds becauſe we cannot recall ſome name, or trivial thing, which has eſcaped our memory for the moment. But then we think, how fooliſh this is, what little concern it is to us. We are right in that: yet any defect of memory is a great concern compared to many of the trifling niceties, comforts, offences and rectangularities which, perhaps, we do not think it an ignoble uſe of heart and time to waſte ourſelves upon. It would be well enough to entertain the rabble of ſmall troubles and offences, if we could lay them aſide with the delightful facility of children who, after an agony of tears, are ſoon found laughing or aſleep. But the chagrin and vexation of grown-up people are grown-up too; and, however childiſh in their origin, are not to be laughed or danced or ſlept away in child-like ſimple-heartedneſs.

We muſt not imagine that too much ſtreſs can

well be laid upon the importance of an education to contentment, for it comes under the head of thoſe things which are not adjuncts, or acquiſitions, for a man; but which form the texture of his being. What a man has learnt is of importance, but what he is, what he can do, what he will become, are more ſignificant things. Finally, it may be remarked, that, to make education a great work, we muſt have the educators great; that book learning is mainly good as it gives us a chance of coming into the company of greater and better minds than the average of men around us; and that individual greatneſs and goodneſs are the things to be aimed at rather than the ſucceſsful cultivation of thoſe talents which go to form ſome eminent memberſhip of ſociety. Each man is a drama in himſelf: has to play all the parts in it; is to be king and rebel, ſucceſsful and vanquiſhed, free and ſlave; and needs a bringing up fit for the univerſal creature that he is.

ELLESMERE. You have been unexpectedly merciful

to us. The moment I heard the head of the Eſſay given out, there flitted before my frightened mind volumes of reports, Batterſea ſchools, Bell, Wilderſpin, normal farms, National Society, Britiſh Schools, interminable queſtions about how religion might be ſeparated altogether from ſecular education, or ſo much religion taught as all religious ſects could agree in. Theſe are all very good things and people to diſcuſs, I dare ſay; but, to tell the truth, the whole ſubject ſits heavy on my ſoul. I meet a man of inexhauſtible dullneſs: and he talks to me for three hours about ſome great ſubject, this very one of education for inſtance, till I ſit entranced by ſtupidity—thinking the while, "and this is what we "are to become by education—to be like you." Then I ſee a man like D—, a judicious, reaſonable, converſable being, knowing how to be ſilent too—a man to go through a campaign with; and I find he cannot read or write.

MILVERTON. This ſort of contraſt is juſt the thing to ſtrike you, Elleſmere: and yet you know as well as any of us, that to bring forward ſuch contraſts by way of depreciating education would be moſt unreaſonable. There are three things that go to make a man—the education that moſt people mean by education—then the education that goes deeper, the education of the ſoul—and thirdly, a man's gifts of nature. I agree with all you ſay about D—; he never ſays a fooliſh thing and does a great many judicious ones. But look what a clever face he has. There are gifts of nature for you. Then, again,

although he cannot read or write; he may have been moſt judiciouſly brought up in other reſpects. He may have had two, therefore, out of the three elements of education. What ſuch inſtances would ſhow, I believe, if narrowly looked into, is the immenſe importance of the education of heart and temper.

I feel with you in ſome meaſure about the dullneſs of the ſubject of education. But then it extends to all things of the inſtitution kind. Men muſt have a great deal of pedantry, routine and folly of all ſorts, in any large matter they undertake. I had had this feeling for a long time (you know the way in which you have a thing in your mind, although you have never ſaid it out exactly even to yourſelf); Well, I came upon a paſſage of Emerſon's which I will try to quote, and then I knew what it was that I had felt.

"We are full of mechanical actions. We muſt needs intermeddle, and have things in our own way, until the ſacrifices and virtues of ſociety are odious: Love ſhould make joy; but our benevolence is unhappy. Our Sunday-ſchools, and churches, and pauper-ſocieties, are yokes to the neck. We pain ourſelves to pleaſe nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the ſame ends at which theſe aim, but do not arrive: Why ſhould all virtue work in one and the ſame way? * * * * * * "And why drag this dead weight of a Sunday-ſchool over the whole of Chriſtendom? It is natural and beautiful that childhood ſhould inquire, and maturity ſhould teach; but it is time enough to anſwer queſtions when they are aſked. Do not ſhut up the young people againſt their will in a pew, and force the children to aſk them queſtions for an hour againſt their will."

Now, without agreeing with him in all points, we may ſympathiſe with him.

ELLESMERE. I agree with him.

DUNSFORD. I knew you would. You love an extreme.

MILVERTON. But look now. It is well to ſay, "it "is natural and beautiful that the young ſhould aſk and "the old ſhould teach;" but then the old ſhould be capable of teaching, which is not the caſe we have to deal with. Inſtitutions are often only to meet individual failings. Let there be more inſtructed elders, and the "dead weight" of Sunday-ſchools would be leſs needed. I think the reſult of our thoughts would be, that there ſhould be as much life, joy and nature put into teaching as can be; but I, for one, am not prepared to ſay that the moſt mechanical proceſs is not better than none.

ELLESMERE. Well, you have now ſhut up the ſubject, according to your faſhion, in a rounded ſentence; and you think after that there is nothing more to be ſaid. But I ſay it goes to my heart—

DUNSFORD. What is that?

ELLESMERE. To my heart to ſee the unmerciful quantity of inſtruction that little children go through on a Sunday. I ſuppoſe I am a very wicked man, but I know how wearied I ſhould have been at any time of my life, if ſo much virtuous precept and good doctrine had been poured into me.

MILVERTON. Well, I will not fight certainly for anything that is to make Sunday a weariſome day for children. Indeed, what I meant by putting more joy and life into teaching was, that in ſuch a thing as this Sunday

ſchooling, for inſtance, a judicious man, far from being anxious to get a certain quantity of routine done about it, would do with the leaſt, would endeavour to connect it with ſomething intereſting: would, in a word, love children and not Sunday-ſchools.

ELLESMERE. Ah, we will have no more about Sunday-ſchools. I know we all agree in reality, although Dunsford has been looking very grave and has not ſaid a word. I wanted to tell you that I think you are quite right, Milverton, in ſaying a good deal about multifariouſneſs of purſuit. You ſee a wretch of a pedant who knows all about tetrameters, or ſtatutes of uſes, but who, as you hinted an Eſſay or two ago, can hardly anſwer his child a queſtion as they walk about the garden together. The man has never given a good thought, or look, to nature. Well then, again, what a ſtupid thing it is, that we are not all taught muſic. Why learn the language of many portions of mankind, and leave the univerſal language of the feelings, as you would call it, unlearnt?

MILVERTON. I quite agree with you; but I thought you always ſet your face, or rather your ears, againſt muſic.

DUNSFORD. So did I.

ELLESMERE. I ſhould like to know all about it. It is not to my mind that a cultivated man ſhould be quite thrown out by any topic of converſation, or that there ſhould be any form of human endeavour, or accompliſhment, which he has no conception of.

DUNSFORD. I liked what you ſaid, Milverton, about the philoſophy of making light of little things, and the way of looking at life that may thus be given to thoſe we educate. I rather doubted at firſt though, whether you were not going to aſſign too much power to education in the modification of temper. But, certainly, the mode of looking at the daily events of life, little or great, and the conſequent habits of captiouſneſs, or magnanimity, are juſt the matters which the young eſpecially imitate their elders in.

MILVERTON. You ſee, the very worſt kind of tempers are eſtabliſhed upon the fretting care for trifles that I want to make war upon in the eſſay. A man is choleric. Well, it is a very bad thing; it tends to frighten thoſe about him into falſeneſs. He has outrageous burſts of temper. He is humble for days afterwards. His dependents rather like him after all. They know that "his bark is worſe than his bite." Then there is your gloomy man—often a man who puniſhes himſelf moſt—perhaps a large-hearted, humorous, but ſad man—at the ſame time liveable with. He does not care for trifles. But it is your acid-ſenſitive (I muſt join words like Mirabeau's Grandiſon-Cromwell, to get what I mean) and your cold-querulous people that need to have angels to live with them. Now education has often had a great deal to do with the making of theſe choice tempers. They are ſomewhat artificial productions. And they are the worſt.

DUNSFORD. You know a ſaying attributed to the Biſhop of ——— about temper. No? Somebody, I

ſuppoſe, was excuſing ſomething on the ſcore of temper, to which the biſhop replied, "Temper is nine-tenths of "Chriſtianity."

MILVERTON. There is an appearance we ſee in nature, not far from here by the way, that has often put me in mind of the effect of temper upon men. It is in the lowlands near the ſea, where, when the tide is not up, (the man out of temper) there is a ſlimy, patchy, diſeaſed-looking ſurface of mud and ſick ſea-weed. You paſs by in a few hours, there is a beautiful lake, water up to the green graſs (the man in temper again) and the whole landſcape brilliant with reflected light.

ELLESMERE. And to complete the likeneſs, the good temper and the full tide laſt about the ſame time—with ſome men at leaſt. It is ſo like you, Milverton, to have that ſimile in your mind. There is nothing you ſee in nature, but you muſt inſtantly find a parallel for it in man. Sermons in ſtones you will not ſee, elſe I am ſure you might. Here is a good hard flint for you to ſee your next eſſay in.

MILVERTON. It will do very well, as my next will be on the ſubject of population.

ELLESMERE. What day are we to have it? I think I have a particular engagement for that day.

MILVERTON. I muſt come upon you unawares.

ELLESMERE. After the eſſay you certainly might. Let us decamp now and do ſomething great in the way of education, teach Rollo, though he is but a ſhort-haired dog, to go into the water. That will be a feat.

CHAPTER IX.

ELLESMERE ſucceeded in perſuading Rollo to go into the water, which proved more, he ſaid, than the whole of Milverton's eſſay, how much might be done by judicious education. Before leaving my friends, I promiſed to come over again to Worth Aſhton in a day or two, to hear another eſſay. I came early and found them reading their letters.

"You remember Anneſleigh at college," ſaid Milverton, "do you not, Dunsford?"

DUNSFORD. Yes.

MILVERTON. Here is a long letter from him. He is evidently vexed at the newſpaper articles about his conduct in the matter of —, and writes to tell me that he is totally miſrepreſented.

DUNSFORD. Why does not he explain this publicly?

MILVERTON. Yes, you naturally think ſo at firſt, but ſuch a mode of proceeding would never do for a man in office, and rarely, perhaps, for any man. At leaſt ſo the moſt judicious people ſeem to think. I have known a man in office bear patiently, without attempting any anſwer, a ſerious charge which a few lines would have

entirely anſwered, indeed turned the other way. But then he thought, I imagine, that if you once begin anſwering, there is no end to it, and alſo, which is more important, that the public journals were not a tribunal which he was called to appear before. He had his official ſuperiors.

DUNSFORD. It ſhould be widely known and acknowledged then, that ſilence does not give conſent in theſe caſes.

MILVERTON. It is known, though not, perhaps, ſufficiently.

DUNSFORD. What a fearful power this anonymous journaliſm is!

MILVERTON. There is a great deal certainly that is miſchievous in it: but take it altogether, it is a wonderful product of civilization—morally too. Even as regards thoſe qualities which would in general, to uſe a phraſe of Bacon's, "be noted as deficients" in the preſs, in courteſy and forbearance for example, it makes a much better figure than might have been expected; as any one would teſtify, I ſuſpect, who had obſerved, or himſelf experienced, the temptations incident to writing on ſhort notice, without much opportunity of afterthought or correction, upon ſubjects about which he had already expreſſed an opinion.

DUNSFORD. Is the anonymouſneſs abſolutely neceſſary?

MILVERTON. I have often thought whether it is. If the anonymouſneſs were taken away, the preſs would loſe much of its power, but then why ſhould it not loſe

a portion of its power, if that portion is only built upon ſome deluſion.

ELLESMERE. It is a queſtion of expediency. As government of all kinds becomes better managed, there is leſs neceſſity for protection for the preſs. It muſt be recollected, however, that this anonymouſneſs (to coin a word) may not only be uſeful to protect us from any abuſe of power; but that, at leaſt, it takes away that temptation to diſcuſs things in an inſufficient manner, which ariſes from perſonal fear of giving offence. Then, again, there is an advantage in conſidering arguments without reference to perſons. If well-known authors wrote for the preſs and gave their ſignatures, we ſhould often paſs by the arguments unfairly, ſaying, "Oh, it "is only ſo-and-ſo: that is the way he always looks at "things," without ſeeing whether it is the right way for the occaſion in queſtion.

MILVERTON. But take the other ſide, Elleſmere. What national diſlikes are foſtered by newſpaper articles, and—

ELLESMERE. Articles in Reviews, and by books.

MILVERTON. Yes, but ſomehow or other, people imagine that newſpapers ſpeak the opinion of a much greater number of people—

ELLESMERE. Do not let us talk any more about it. We may become wiſe enough and well-managed enough to do without this anonymouſneſs: we may not. How it would aſtound an ardent Whig or Radical of the laſt generation, if he could hear ſuch a ſentiment as this

—as a toaſt we will ſay—"The Preſs: and may we be-"come ſo civilized as to be able to take away ſome of "its liberty."

MILVERTON. It may be put another way. May it become ſo civilized that we ſhall not want to take away any of its liberty. But I ſee you are tired of this ſubject: ſhall we go on the lawn and have our eſſay?

We aſſented, and Milverton read the following:

UNREASONABLE CLAIMS IN SOCIAL AFFECTIONS AND RELATIONS.

WE are all apt to magnify the importance of whatever we are thinking about, which is not to be wondered at; for everything human has an outlet into infinity, which we come to perceive on conſidering it. But with a knowledge of this tendency, I ſtill venture to ſay that, of all that concerns mankind, this ſubject has, perhaps, been the leaſt treated of in regard to its ſignificance. For once that unreaſonable expectations of gratitude have been reproved, ingratitude has been denounced a thou-

ſand times: and the ſame may be ſaid of inconſtancy, unkindneſs in friendſhip, neglected merit and the like.

To begin with ingratitude. Human beings ſeldom have the demands upon each other which they imagine. And for what they have done, they frequently aſk an impoſſible return. Moreover, when people really have done others a ſervice, the perſons benefitted often do not underſtand it. Could they have underſtood it, the benefactor, perhaps, would not have had to perform it. You cannot expect gratitude from them in proportion to your enlightenment. Then, again, where the ſervice is a palpable one, thoroughly underſtood, we often require that the gratitude for it ſhould bear down all the reſt of the man's character. The dog is the very emblem of faithfulneſs: yet I believe, it is found that he will ſometimes like the perſon who takes him out and amuſes him, more than the perſon who feeds him. So, amongſt bipeds, the moſt ſolid ſervice muſt ſometimes give way to the claims of congeniality. Human creatures are, happily, not to be ſwayed by ſelf-intereſt alone: they are manyſided creatures; there are numberleſs modes of attaching their affections. Not only like likes like, but unlike likes unlike.

To give an inſtance which muſt often occur. Two perſons, both of feeble will, act together: one as ſuperior, the other as inferior. The ſuperior is very kind: the inferior is grateful. Circumſtances occur to break this relation. The inferior comes under a ſuperior of ſtrong will, who is not, however, as tolerant and patient as his predeceſſor. But this ſecond ſuperior ſoon acquires unbounded influence over the inferior: if the firſt one looks on, he may wonder at the alacrity and affection of his former ſubordinate towards the new man, and talk much about ingratitude. But the inferior has now found ſomebody to lean upon, and to reverence. And he cannot deny his nature and be otherwiſe than he is. In this caſe it does not look like ingratitude, except perhaps, to the complaining perſon. But there are doubtleſs numerous inſtances in which if we ſaw all the facts clearly, we ſhould no more confirm the charge of ingratitude than we do here.

Then, again, we ſeldom make ſufficient allowance for the burden which there is in obligation: at leaſt to all but great and good minds. There are ſome people who can receive as heartily as they would give: but the obligation of an ordinary perſon to an ordinary perſon is more apt to

be brought to mind as a preſent ſore than as a paſt delight.

Amongſt the unreaſonable views of the affections, the moſt abſurd one has been the fancy that love entirely depends upon the will; ſtill more that the love of others for us is to be guided by the inducements which ſeem probable to us. We have ſerved them; we think only of them; we are their lovers, or fathers, or brothers; we deſerve and require to be loved and to have the love proved to us. But love is not like property: it has neither duties nor rights. You argue for it in vain: and there is no one who can give it you. It is not his or hers to give. Millions of bribes and infinite arguments cannot prevail. For it is not a ſubſtance but a relation. There is no royal road. We are loved as we are loveable to the perſon loving. It is no anſwer to ſay that in ſome caſes the love is baſed on no reality, but is ſolely in the imagination—that is, that we are loved not for what we are, but for what we are fancied to be. That will not bring it any more into the dominions of logic: and love ſtill remains the ſame untameable creature, deaf to advocacy, blind to other people's idea of merit, and not a ſubſtance to be weighed or numbered at all.

Then, as to the complaints about broken friendſhip. Friendſhip is often outgrown: and his former child's clothes will no more fit a man than ſome of his former friendſhips. Often a breach of friendſhip is ſuppoſed to occur, when there is nothing of the kind. People ſee one another ſeldom; their courſes in life are different; they meet, and their intercourſe is conſtrained. They fancy that their friendſhip is mightily cooled. But imagine the deareſt friends, one coming home after long ſojourn, the other going out to new lands: the ſhips that carry theſe meet: the friends talk together in a confuſed way not relevant at all to their friendſhip, and, if not well aſſured of their mutual regard, might naturally fancy that it was much abated. Something like this occurs daily in the ſtream of the world. Then, too, unleſs people are very unreaſonable, they cannot expect that their friends will paſs into new ſyſtems of thought and action without new ties of all kinds being created, and ſome modification of the old ones taking place.

When we are talking of exorbitant claims made for the regard of others, we muſt not omit thoſe

of what is called neglected merit. A man feels that he has abilities or talents of a particular kind, that he has ſhown them, and ſtill he is a neglected man. I am far from ſaying that merit is ſufficiently looked out for: but a man may take the ſting out of any neglect of his merits by thinking that at leaſt it does not ariſe from malice prepenſe, as he almoſt imagines in his anger. Neither the public, nor individuals, have the time, or will, reſolutely to neglect anybody. What pleaſes us we admire and further: if a man in any profeſſion, calling, or art, does things which are beyond us, we are as guiltleſs of neglecting him, as the Caffres are of neglecting the differential calculus. Milton ſells his Paradiſe Loſt for ten pounds: there is no record of Shakeſpeare dining much with Queen Elizabeth. And it is Utopian to imagine that ſtatues will be ſet up to the right men in their day.

The ſame arguments which applied to the complaints of ingratitude, apply to the complaints of neglected merit. The merit is oftentimes not underſtood. Be it ever ſo manifeſt, it cannot abſorb men's attention. When it is really great, it has not been brought out by the hope of reward any more than the kindeſt ſervices by the

hope of gratitude. In neither caſe is it becoming or rational to be clamorous about payment.

There is one thing that people hardly ever remember, or, indeed, have imagination enough to conceive; namely, the effect of each man being ſhut up in his individuality. Take a long courſe of ſayings and doings in which many perſons have been engaged. Each one of them is in his own mind the centre of the web, though, perhaps, he is at the edge of it. We know that in our obſervations of the things of ſenſe, any difference in the points from which the obſervation is taken, gives a different view of the ſame thing. Moreover, in the world of ſenſe, the objects and the points of view are each indifferent to the reſt; but in life the points of view are centres of action that have had ſomething to do with the making of the things looked at. If we could calculate the moral parallax ariſing from this, we ſhould ſee, by the mere aid of the intellect, how unjuſt we often are in our complaints of ingratitude, inconſtancy and neglect. But without theſe nice calculations, ſuch errors of view may be corrected at once by humility, a more ſure method than the moſt enlightened appreciation of

the cauſe of error. Humility is the true cure for many a needleſs heartache.

It muſt not be ſuppoſed that in thus oppoſing unreaſonable views of ſocial affections, anything is done to diſſever ſuch affections. The Duke of Wellington writing to a man in a dubious poſition of authority, ſays, "The leſs you claim, the "more you will have." This is remarkably true of the affections: and there is ſcarcely anything that would make men happier than teaching them to watch againſt unreaſonableneſs in their claims of regard and affection; and which at the ſame time would be more likely to enſure their getting what may be their due.

ELLESMERE (clapping his hands). An eſſay after my heart: worth tons of ſoft traſh. In general you are amplifying duties, telling everybody that they are to be ſo good to every other body. Now it is as well to let every other body know that he is not to expect all he may fancy from every body. A man complains that his proſ-

perous friends neglect him: infinitely overrating, in all probability, his claims, and his friends' power of doing anything for him. Well, then, you may think me very hard, but I say that the most absurd claims are often put forth on the ground of relationship. I do not deny that there is something in blood, but it must not be made too much of. Near relations have great opportunities of attaching each other: if they fail to use these, I do not think it is well to let them imagine that mere relationship is to be a talisman of affection.

DUNSFORD. I do not see exactly how to answer all that you or Milverton have said; but I am not prepared, as official people say, to agree with you. I especially disagree with what Milverton has said about love. He leaves much too little power to the will.

MILVERTON. I dare say I may have done so. These are very deep matters, and any one view about them does not exhaust them. I remember C. once saying to me that a man never utters anything without error. He may even think of it rightly; but he cannot bring it out rightly. It turns a little false, as it were, when it quits the brain and comes into life.

ELLESMERE. I thought you would soon go over to the soft side. Here, Rollo; there's a good dog. You do not form unreasonable expectations, do you? A very little petting puts you into an extasy, and you are much wiser than many a biped who is full of his claims for gratitude, and friendship, and love: and who is always longing for well-merited rewards to fall into his mouth. Down, dog!

MILVERTON. Poor animal! it little knows that all this ſudden notice is only by way of ridiculing us. Why I did not maintain my ground ſtoutly againſt Dunsford is, that I am always afraid of puſhing moral concluſions too far. Since we have been talking, I think I ſee more clearly than I did before, what I mean to convey by the eſſay—namely, that men fall into unreaſonable views reſpecting the affections *from imagining that the general laws of the mind are ſuſpended for the ſake of the affections.*

DUNSFORD. That ſeems ſafer ground.

MILVERTON. Now to illuſtrate what I mean by a very familiar inſtance. The mind is avid of new impreſſions. It "travels over," or thinks it travels over, another mind: and, though it may conceal its wiſh for "freſh fields and paſtures new," it does ſo wiſh. However harſh, therefore, and unromantic it may ſeem, the beſt plan is to humour nature, and not to exhauſt by over frequent preſence, the affection of thoſe whom we would love, or whom we would have to love us. I would not ſay, after the manner of Rochefoucauld, that the leſs we ſee of people the more we like them; but there are certain limits of ſociality; and prudent reſerve and abſence may find a place in the management of the tendereſt relations.

DUNSFORD. Yes, all this is true enough: I do not ſee anything hard in this. But then there is the other ſide. Cuſtom is a great aid to affection.

MILVERTON. Yes. All I ſay is, do not fancy that the

general laws are ſuſpended for the ſake of any one affection.

DUNSFORD. Still this does not go to the queſtion, whether there is not ſomething more of will in affection than you make out. You would ſpeak of inducements and counter-inducements, aids and hindrances; but I cannot but think you are limiting the power of will, and therefore limiting duty. Such views tend to make people eaſily diſcontented with each other, and prevent their making efforts to get over offences, and to find out what is loveable in thoſe about them.

ELLESMERE. Here we are in the deep places again. I ſee you are pondering, Milverton. It is a queſtion, as a miniſter would ſay when parliament perplexes him, that we muſt go to the country upon; each man's heart will, perhaps, tell him beſt about it. For my own part, I think that the continuance of affection, as the riſe of it, depends more on the taſte being ſatisfied, or at leaſt not diſguſted, than upon any other ſingle thing. Our hearts may be touched at our being loved by people eſſentially diſtaſteful to us, whoſe modes of talking and acting are a continual offence to us: but whether we can love them in return is a queſtion.

MILVERTON. Yes we can, I think. I begin to ſee that it is a queſtion of degree. The word love includes many ſhades of meaning. When it includes admiration, of courſe we cannot be ſaid to love thoſe in whom we ſee nothing to admire. But this ſeldom happens in the mixed characters of real life. The upſhot of it all ſeems

to me to be, that, as Guizot ſays of civilization, every impulſe has room; ſo in the affections, every inducement and counter-inducement has its influence; and the reſult is not a ſimple one, which can be ſpoken of as if it were alike on all occaſions and with all men.

DUNSFORD. I am ſtill unanſwered, I think, Milverton. What you ſay is ſtill wholly built upon inducements, and does not touch the power of will.

MILVERTON. No: it does not.

ELLESMERE. We muſt leave that alone. Infinite piles of books have not as yet lifted us up to a clear view of that matter.

DUNSFORD. Well then, we muſt leave it as a vexed queſtion; but let it be ſeen that there is ſuch a queſtion. Now, as to another thing; you ſpeak, Milverton, of men's not making allowance enough for the unpleaſant weight of obligation. I think that weight ſeems to have increaſed in modern times. Eſſex could give Bacon a ſmall eſtate, and Bacon could take it comfortably, I have no doubt. That is a much more wholeſome ſtate of things among friends than the preſent.

MILVERTON. Yes, undoubtedly. An extreme notion about independence has made men much leſs generous in receiving.

DUNSFORD. It is a falling off then. There was another comment I had to make. I think, when you ſpeak about the exorbitant demands of neglected merit, you ſhould ſay more upon the neglect of the juſt demands of merit.

MILVERTON. I would have the government and the public in general try by all means to underſtand and reward merit, eſpecially in thoſe matters wherein excellence cannot, otherwiſe, meet with large preſent reward. But, to ſay the truth, I would have this done, not with the view of foſtering genius ſo much as of fulfilling duty: I would ſay to a miniſter—it is becoming in you—it is well for the nation, to reward, as far as you can, and dignify, men of genius. Whether you will do them any good, or bring forth more of them, I do not know.

ELLESMERE. Men of great genius are often ſuch a ſenſitive race, ſo apt to be miſerable in many other than pecuniary ways and want of public eſtimation, that I am not ſure that diſtreſs and neglect do not take their minds off worſe diſcomforts. It is a kind of grievance, too, that they like to have.

DUNSFORD. Really, Elleſmere, that is a moſt unfeeling ſpeech.

MILVERTON. At any rate, it is right for us to honour and ſerve a great man. It is our nature to do ſo, if we are worth anything. We may put aſide the queſtion whether our honour will do him more good than our neglect. That is a queſtion for him to look to. The world has not yet ſo largely honoured deſerving men in their own time, that we can exactly pronounce what effect it would have upon them.

ELLESMERE. Come, Rollo, let us leave the men of ſentiment. Oh, you will not go, as your maſter does not move. Look how he wags his tail, and almoſt ſays

" I ſhould dearly like to have a hunt after the water " rat we ſaw in the pond the other day, but maſter is " talking philoſophy, and requires an intelligent au- " dience." Theſe dogs are dear creatures it muſt be owned. Come, Milverton, let us have a walk.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER the reading in the laſt chapter my friends walked homewards with me as far as Durley Wood, which is about half way between Worth Aſhton and my houſe. As we reſted there, we bethought ourſelves that it would be a pleaſant ſpot for us to come to ſometimes and read our eſſays. So we agreed to name a day for meeting there. The day was favorable, we met as we had appointed, and, finding ſome beech logs lying very opportunely, took poſſeſſion of them for our council. We ſeated Elleſmere on one that we called the woolſack, but which he ſaid he felt himſelf unworthy to occupy in the preſence of King Log, pointing to mine. Theſe nice points of etiquette being at laſt ſettled, Milverton drew out his papers and was about to begin reading, when Elleſmere thus interrupted him.

ELLESMERE. You were not in earneſt, Milverton, about giving us an eſſay on population; becauſe if ſo,

I think I ſhall leave this place to you and Dunsford and the ants?

MILVERTON. I certainly have been meditating ſomething of the ſort; but have not been able to make much of it.

ELLESMERE. If I had been living in thoſe days when it firſt beamed upon mankind, that the earth was round, I am ſure I ſhould have ſaid, "We know now the "bounds of the earth: there are no interminable plains "joined to the regions of the ſun, allowing of indefinite "ſketchy outlines at the edges of maps. That little "creature man will immediately begin to think that his "world is too ſmall for him."

MILVERTON. There has probably been as much folly uttered by political economy as againſt it, which is ſaying ſomething. The danger as regards theories of political economy is the obvious one, of their abſtract concluſions being applied to concrete things.

ELLESMERE. As if we were to expect mathematical lines to bear weights.

MILVERTON. Something like that. With a good ſyſtem of logic pervading the public mind, this danger would of courſe be avoided; but ſuch a ſtate of mind is not likely to occur in any public that we or our grandchildren are likely to have to deal with. As it is, an ordinary man hears ſome concluſion of political economy, ſhowing ſome particular tendency of things, which in real life meets with many counteractions of all kinds: but he, perhaps, adopts the concluſion without the leaſt

abatement, and would work it into life, as if all went on there like a rule-of-three ſum.

ELLESMERE. After all, this error ariſes from the man's not having enough political economy. It is not that a theory is good on paper, but unſound in real life. It is only that in real life you cannot get at the ſimple ſtate of things to which the theory would rightly apply. You want many other theories, and the juſt compoſition of them all, to be able to work the whole problem. That being done, (which, however, ſcarcely can be done) the reſult on paper might be read off as applicable at once to life. But now touching the eſſay; ſince we are not to have population, what is it to be?

MILVERTON. Public Improvements.

ELLESMERE. Nearly as bad; but as this is a favourite ſubject of yours, I ſuppoſe it will not be polite to go away.

MILVERTON. No, you muſt liſten.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

WHAT are poſſeſſions? To an individual, the ſtores of his own heart and mind, preeminently. His truth and valour are amongſt the firſt. His contentedneſs, or his reſignation, may be put next. Then his

ſenſe of beauty, ſurely a poſſeſſion of great moment to him. Then all thoſe mixed poſſeſſions which reſult from the ſocial affections—great poſſeſſions, unſpeakable delights, much greater than the gift laſt mentioned in the former claſs, but held on more uncertain tenure. Laſtly, what are generally called poſſeſſions. However often we have heard of the vanity, uncertainty and vexation that beſet theſe laſt, we muſt not let this repetition deaden our minds to the fact.

Now, national poſſeſſions muſt be eſtimated by the ſame gradation that we have applied to individual poſſeſſions. If we conſider national luxury, we ſhall ſee how ſmall a part it may add to national happineſs. Men of deſerved renown, and peerleſs women lived upon what we ſhould now call the coarſeſt fare, and paced the ruſhes in their rooms with as high, or as contented thoughts, as their better fed and better clothed deſcendants can boaſt of. Man is limited in this direction; I mean in the things that concern his perſonal gratification; but when you come to the higher enjoyments, the expanſive power both in him and them is greater. As Keats ſays,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
"Its lovelineſs increaſes; it will never

" Paſs into nothingneſs; but ſtill will keep
" A bower quiet for us, and a ſleep
" Full of ſweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

What then are a nation's poſſeſſions? The great words that have been ſaid in it; the great deeds that have been done in it; the great buildings, and the great works of art, that have been made in it. A man ſays a noble ſaying: it is a poſſeſſion, firſt to his own race, then to mankind. A people get a noble building built for them: it is an honour to them, alſo a daily delight and inſtruction. It periſhes. The remembrance of it is ſtill a poſſeſſion. If it was indeed preeminent, there will be more pleaſure in thinking of it, than in being with others of inferior order and deſign.

On the other hand, a thing of uglineſs is potent for evil. It deforms the taſte of the thoughtleſs: it frets the man who knows how bad it is: it is a diſgrace to the nation who raiſed it; an example and an occaſion for more monſtroſities. If it is a great building in a great city, thouſands of people paſs it daily, and are the worſe for it, or at leaſt not the better. It muſt be done away with. Next to the folly of doing a bad thing is that of fearing to undo it. We muſt not look at what it

has coſt, but at what it is. Millions may be ſpent upon ſome fooliſh device which will not the more make it into a poſſeſſion, but only a more noticeable detriment.

It muſt not be ſuppoſed that works of art are the only, or the chief, public improvements needed in any country. Wherever men congregate, the elements become ſcarce. The ſupply of air, light and water, is then a matter of the higheſt public importance: and the magnificent utilitarianiſm of the Romans ſhould precede the nice ſenſe of beauty of the Greeks. Or rather, the former ſhould be worked out in the latter. Sanitary improvements, like moſt good works, may be made to fulfil many of the beſt human objects. Charity, ſocial order, conveniency of living, and the love of the beautiful, may all be furthered by ſuch improvements. A people is ſeldom ſo well employed as when, not ſuffering their attention to be abſorbed by foreign quarrels and domeſtic broils, they bethink themſelves of winning back thoſe bleſſings of nature which aſſemblages of men moſtly vitiate, exclude, or deſtroy.

Public improvements are ſometimes moſt diffi-

cult in free countries. The origination of them is difficult there, many diverſe minds having to be perſuaded. The individual, or claſs, reſiſtance to the public good, is harder to conquer than in deſpotic ſtates. And, what is moſt embarraſſing, perhaps, individual progreſs in the ſame direction, or individual doings in ſome other way, form a great hindrance, ſometimes, to public enterpriſe. On the other hand, the energy of a free people is a mine of public welfare; and individual effort brings many good things to bear in much ſhorter time than any government could be expected to move in. A judicious ſtateſman conſiders theſe things; and ſets himſelf eſpecially to overcome thoſe peculiar obſtacles to public improvement which belong to the inſtitutions of his country. Adventure in a deſpotic ſtate, combined action in a free ſtate, are the objects which peculiarly demand his attention.

To return to works of art. In this alſo the genius of the people is to be heeded. There may have been, there may be, nations requiring to be diverted from the love of art to ſtern labour and induſtrial conqueſts. But certainly it is not ſo with the Anglo-Saxon race, or with the Northern races generally. Money may enſlave them;

logic may enſlave them; art never will. The chief men, therefore, in theſe races will do well ſometimes to contend againſt the popular current, and to convince their people that there are other ſources of delight, and other objects worthy of human endeavour, than ſevere money-getting or mere material ſucceſſes of any kind.

In fine, the ſubſtantial improvement, and even the embelliſhment of towns, is a work which both the central and local governing bodies in a country, ſhould keep a ſteady hand upon. It eſpecially concerns them. What are they there for, but to do that which individuals cannot do? It concerns them, too, as it tells upon the health, morals, education and refined pleaſures of the people they govern. In doing it, they ſhould avoid pedantry, parſimony, and favouritiſm; and their mode of action ſhould be large, conſiderate and foreſeeing. Large; inaſmuch as they muſt not eaſily be contented with the ſecond beſt in any of their projects. Conſiderate; inaſmuch as they have to think what their people need moſt, not what will make moſt ſhow. And therefore, they ſhould be contented, for inſtance, at their work going on under ground for a time, or in bye-ways, if needful; the beſt charity in public works,

as in private, being often that which courts leaſt notice. Laſtly, their work ſhould be with foreſight; recollecting that cities grow up about us like young people, before we are aware of it.

ELLESMERE. Another very merciful eſſay! When we had once got upon the ſubject of ſanitary improvements, I thought we ſhould ſoon be five fathom deep in blue books, reports, interminable queſtions of ſewerage, and horrors of all kinds.

MILVERTON. I am glad you own that I have been very tender of your impatience in this eſſay. People, I truſt, are now ſo fully aware of the immenſe importance of ſanitary improvements, that we do not want the elementary talking about ſuch things that was formerly neceſſary. It is difficult, though, to ſay too much about ſanitary matters, that is, if by ſaying much, one could gain attention. I am convinced that the moſt fruitful ſource of phyſical evil to mankind has been impure air—ariſing from circumſtances which might have been obviated. Plagues and peſtilences of all kinds, cretiniſm too and all ſcrofulous diſorders, are probably mere queſtions of ventilation. A diſtrict may require ventilation as well as a houſe.

ELLESMERE. Seriouſly ſpeaking, I quite agree with you. And what delights me in ſanitary improvements is, that they can hardly do harm. Give a poor man good air, and you do not diminiſh his ſelf-reliance. You only add to his health and vigour; make more of a man of him. But now that the public mind, as it is facetiouſly called, has got hold of the idea of theſe improvements, every body will be chattering about them.

MILVERTON. The very time when thoſe who really do care for theſe matters ſhould be watchful to make the moſt of the tide in their favour, and ſhould not ſuffer themſelves to relax their efforts becauſe there is no originality now about ſuch things.

DUNSFORD. Cuſtom ſoon melts off the wings which Novelty alone has lent to Benevolence.

ELLESMERE. And down comes the charitable Icarus. A very good ſimile, my dear Dunsford, but rather of the Latin verſe order. I almoſt ſee it worked into an hexameter and pentameter, and delighting the heart of an Eton boy.

DUNSFORD. Elleſmere is more than uſually vicious to-day, Milverton. A great "public improvement" would be to clip the tongues of ſome of theſe lawyers.

ELLESMERE. Poſſibly. I have juſt been looking again at that part of the Eſſay, Milverton, where you talk of the little gained by national luxury. I think with you. There is an immenſity of nonſenſe uttered about making people happy, which is to be done, according to happineſs-mongers, by quantities of ſugar and

tea and ſuch like things. One knows the importance of food; but there is no Elyſium to be got out of it.

MILVERTON. I know what you mean. There is a kind of pity for the people now in vogue which is moſt effeminate. It is a ſugared ſort of Robeſpierre talk about "The poor but virtuous People." To addreſs ſuch ſtuff to the people, is not to give them anything, but to take away what they have. Suppoſe you could give them oceans of tea and mountains of ſugar, and abundance of any luxury that you chooſe to imagine, but at the ſame time you inſerted a hungry, envious ſpirit in them, what have you done? Then, again, this envious ſpirit, when it is turned to difference of ſtation, what good can it do? Can you give ſtation according to merit? Is life long enough for it?

ELLESMERE. Of courſe we cannot always be weighing men with nicety, and ſaying "Here is your place, here yours."

MILVERTON. Then, again, what happineſs do you confer on men by teaching them to diſreſpect their ſuperiors in rank, by turning all the embelliſhments which adorn various ſtations wrong ſide out, putting everything in its loweſt form, and then ſaying "What do you ſee to admire here?" You do not know what injury you may do a man when you deſtroy all reverence in him. It will be found out ſome day, that men derive more pleaſure from having ſuperiors than from having inferiors.

DUNSFORD. It is ſeldom that I bring you back to your ſubject, but we are really a long way off at preſent:

and I want to know, Milverton, what you would do ſpecifically in the way of public improvements. Of courſe you cannot ſay in an Eſſay what you would do in ſuch matters, but amongſt ourſelves. In London, for inſtance.

MILVERTON. The firſt thing for Government to do, Dunsford, in London, or any other great town, is to ſecure open ſpaces in it and about it. Trafalgar Square may be dotted with hideous abſurdities, but it is an open ſpace. They may collect together there ſpecimens of every variety of meanneſs and bad taſte; but they cannot prevent its being a better thing than if it were covered with houſes. Public money is ſcarcely ever ſo well employed as in ſecuring bits of waſte ground and keeping them as open ſpaces. Then, as under the moſt favourable circumſtances we are likely to have too much carbon in the air of any town, we ſhould plant trees to reſtore the juſt proportions of the air as far as we can.* Trees are alſo what the heart and the eye deſire moſt in towns. The Boulevards in Paris ſhow the excellent effect of trees againſt buildings. There are many parts of London where rows of trees might be planted along the ſtreets. The weighty dulneſs of Portland Place, for inſtance, might be thus relieved. Of courſe in any ſcheme of public improvements, the getting rid of ſmoke is one of the firſt objects.

ELLESMERE. Yes, ſmoke is a great abuſe; but then

* See Health of Towns Report, 1844. Vol. I. p. 44.

there is ſomething ludicrous about it: juſt as there is about ſewerage. I believe, myſelf, that for one perſon that the corn-laws have injured, a dozen have had their lives ſhortened and their happineſs abridged in every way by theſe leſs palpable nuiſances. But there is no grandeur in oppoſing them: no "good cry" to be raiſed. And ſo, as abuſes cannot be met in our days but by agitation—a committee, ſecretaries, clerks, newſpapers and a review—and as agitation in this caſe holds out fewer inducements than uſual, we have gone on year after year being poiſoned by theſe various nuiſances, at an incalculable expenſe of life and money.

MILVERTON. There is ſomething in what you ſay, I think; but you preſs it too far. For of late theſe ſanitary ſubjects have worked themſelves into notice, as you yourſelf admit.

ELLESMERE. Late indeed!

MILVERTON. Well, but to go on with ſchemes for improving London. Open ſpaces, trees—then comes the ſupply of water. This is one of the firſt things to be done. Philadelphia has given an example which all towns ought to imitate. It is a matter requiring great thought, and the various plans ſhould be thoroughly canvaſſed before the choice is made. Great beauty and the higheſt utility may be combined in ſupplying a town like London with water. By the way, how much water do you think London requires daily?

ELLESMERE. As much as the Serpentine and the water in St. James's Park?

MILVERTON. You are not ſo far out.

Well then, having gone through the largeſt things that muſt be attended to, we come to minor matters. It is a great pity that the ſyſtem of building upon leaſes ſhould be ſo commonly adopted. Nobody expects to live out the leaſehold term which he takes to build upon. But things would be better done, if people were more averſe to having anything to do with leaſehold property. C. always ſays that the modern lath and plaſter ſyſtem is a wickedneſs, and upon my word I think he is right. It is inconceivable to me how a man can make up his mind to build, or do anything elſe, in a temporary, ſlight, inſincere faſhion. What has a man to ſay for himſelf, who muſt ſum up the doings of his life in this way, "I chiefly employed myſelf in making or ſelling "things which ſeemed to be good and were not. And "nobody has occaſion to bleſs me for anything I have "done."

ELLESMERE. Humph, you put it mildly. But the man has made perhaps ſeven per cent. of his money, or if he has made no per cent. has ruined ſeveral men of his own trade, which is not to go for nothing, when a man is taking ſtock of his good deeds.

MILVERTON. There is one thing I forgot to ſay, that we want more individual will in building, I think. As it is at preſent, a great builder takes a plot of ground and turns out innumerable houſes, all alike, the ſame faults and merits running through each: thus adding to the general dulneſs of things.

ELLESMERE. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, when ſhe came from abroad, remarked that all her friends ſeemed to have got into drawing-rooms which were like a grand piano, firſt a large ſquare or oblong room, and then a ſmall one. Quite Georgian, this ſtyle of architecture. But now I think we are improving immenſely, at any rate in the outſide of houſes. By the way, Milverton, I want to aſk you one thing; How is it that Governments and Committees, and the bodies that manage matters of taſte, ſeem to be more taſteleſs than the average run of people? I will wager anything that the cabmen round Trafalgar Square would have made a better thing of it than it is. If you had put before them ſeveral prints of fountains, they would not have choſen thoſe.

MILVERTON. I think with you, but I have no theory to account for it. I ſuppoſe that theſe committees are frequently hampered by other conſiderations than thoſe which come before the public when they are looking at the work done. And this may be ſome excuſe. There was a cuſtom which I have heard prevailed in former days in ſome of the Italian cities, of making large models of the works of art that were to adorn the city, and putting them up in the places intended for the works when finiſhed, and then inviting criticiſm. It would really be a very good plan in ſome caſes.

ELLESMERE. Now, Milverton, would you not forthwith pull down ſuch things as Buckingham Palace and the National Gallery? Dunsford looks at me as if I were going to pull down the Conſtitution.

MILVERTON. I would pull them down to a certainty, or ſome parts of them at any rate; but whether "forthwith," is another queſtion. There are greater things, perhaps, to be done firſt. We muſt conſider, too,

> "That eternal want of pence
> Which vexes public men."

Still I think we ought always to look upon ſuch buildings as temporary arrangements, and they vex one leſs then. The Palace ought to be in the higher part of the Park, perhaps on that ſlope oppoſite Piccadilly.

DUNSFORD. Well, it does amuſe me the way in which you youngſters go on, pulling down, in your induſtrious imaginations, palaces and national galleries, building aqueducts and cloacæ maximæ, forming parks, deſtroying ſmoke, ſo large a part of every Londoner's diet, and abridging plaſter, without fear of Chancellors of the Exchequer, and the reſiſtance of mankind in general.

MILVERTON. We muſt begin by thinking boldly about things. That is a larger part of any undertaking than it ſeems, perhaps.

DUNSFORD. We muſt, I am afraid, break off our pleaſant employment of projecting public improvements, unleſs we mean to be dinnerleſs.

ELLESMERE. A frequent fate of great projectors, I fear.

MILVERTON. Now then, homewards.

CHAPTER XI.

My readers will, perhaps, agree with me in being ſorry to find that we are coming to the end of our preſent ſeries. I ſay "my readers," though I have ſo little part in purveying for them, that I moſtly conſider myſelf one of them. It is no light taſk, however, to give a good account of a converſation; and I ſay this, and would wiſh people to try whether I am not right in ſaying ſo, not to call attention to my labour in the matter, but becauſe it may be well to notice how difficult it is to report anything truly. Were this better known, it might be an aid to charity, and prevent ſome of thoſe feuds which grow out of the poverty of man's powers to expreſs, to apprehend, to repreſent, rather than out of any malignant part of his nature. But I muſt not go on moraliſing. I almoſt feel that Elleſmere is looking over my ſhoulder and breaking into my diſcourſe with ſharp words, which I have lately been ſo much accuſtomed to.

I had expected that we ſhould have many more readings this ſummer, as I knew that Milverton had prepared more eſſays for us. But finding, as he ſaid, that the other ſubjects he had in hand were larger than he had anticipated, or was prepared for, he would not read even to *us* what he had written. Though I was very ſorry for this, for I may not be the chronicler in another year, I could not but ſay he was right. Indeed, my ideas of literature, nouriſhed as they have been in much ſolitude and by the reading, if I may ſay ſo, mainly of our claſſical authors, are very high placed, though I hope not fantaſtical. And, therefore, I would not diſcourage any one in expending whatever thought and labour might be in him upon any literary work.

In fine, then, I did not attempt to diſſuade Milverton from his purpoſe of poſtponing our readings; and we agreed that there ſhould only be one more for the preſent. I wiſhed it to be at our favourite place on the lawn, which had become endeared to me as the ſpot of many of our friendly councils.

It was later than uſual when I came over to Worth-Aſhton for this reading; and as I gained the brow of the hill, ſome few clouds tinged with

red were juſt grouping together to form the accuſtomed pomp upon the exit of the ſetting ſun. I believe I mentioned in the introduction to our firſt converſation, that the ruins of an old caſtle could be ſeen from our place of meeting. Milverton and Elleſmere were talking about it as I joined them.

MILVERTON. Yes, Elleſmere, many a man has looked out of thoſe windows upon a ſunſet like this, with ſome of the thoughts that muſt come into the minds of all men, on ſeeing this great emblem, the ſetting ſun—has felt, in looking at it, his coming end, or the cloſing of his greatneſs. Thoſe old walls muſt have been witneſs to every kind of human emotion. Henry the Second was there; John, I think; Margaret of Anjou and Cardinal Beaufort; William of Wykeham; Henry the Eighth's Cromwell; and many others who have made ſome ſtir in the world.

ELLESMERE. And, perhaps, the greateſt there were thoſe who made no ſtir.

"The world knows nothing of its greateſt men."

MILVERTON. I am ſlow to believe that. I cannot well reconcile myſelf to the idea, that great capacities are given for nothing. They bud out in ſome way or other.

ELLESMERE. Yes, but it may not be in a noiſy way.

MILVERTON. There is one thing that always ſtrikes me very much in looking at the lives of men: how ſoon, as it were, their courſe ſeems to be determined. They ſay, or do, or think, ſomething which gives a bias at once to the whole of their career.

DUNSFORD. You may go further back than that; and ſpeak of the impulſes they get from their anceſtors.

ELLESMERE. Or the nets around them of other people's ways and wiſhes. There are many things, you ſee, that go to make men puppets.

MILVERTON. I was only noticing the circumſtance, that there was ſuch a thing, as it appeared to me, as this early direction. But, if it has been ever ſo unfortunate, a man's folding his hands over it, in melancholy mood, and ſuffering himſelf to be made a puppet by it, is a ſadly weak proceeding. Moſt thoughtful men have probably ſome dark fountains in their ſouls, by the ſide of which, if there were time, and it were decorous, they could let their thoughts ſit down and wail indefinitely. That long Byron wail faſcinated men for a time; becauſe there is that in human nature. Luckily, a great deal beſides.

ELLESMERE. I delight in the helpful and hopeful men.

MILVERTON. A man that I admire very much, and have met with occaſionally, is one who is always of uſe in any matter he is mixed up with, ſimply becauſe he wiſhes that the beſt ſhould be got out of the thing that is poſſible. There does not ſeem much in the de-

ſcription of ſuch a character; but only ſee it in contraſt with that of a brilliant man, for inſtance, who does not ever fully care about the matter in hand.

DUNSFORD. I can thoroughly imagine the difference.

MILVERTON. The human race may be bound up together in ſome myſterious way, each of us having a profound intereſt in the fortunes of the whole, and ſo, to ſome extent, of every portion of it. Such a man as I have deſcribed acts as though he had an intuitive perception of that relation, and therefore, a ſort of family feeling for mankind, which gives him ſatisfaction in making the beſt out of any human affair he has to do with.

But we really muſt have the eſſay, and not talk any more. It is on Hiſtory.

HISTORY.

AMONG the fathomleſs things that are about us and within us, is the continuity of time. This gives to life one of its moſt ſolemn aſpects. We may think to ourſelves; Would there could be ſome halting place in life, where we could ſtay, collecting our minds, and ſee the world drift by us. But no: even while you read this, you are not pauſing to read it. As one of the great French preachers,

I think, ſays, We are embarked upon a ſtream, each in his own little boat which muſt move uniformly onwards, till it ceaſes to move at all. It is a ſtream that knows "no haſte, no reſt;" a boat that knows no haven but one.

This unbated continuity ſuggeſts the paſt as well as the future. We would know what mighty empires this ſtream of time has flowed through, by what battle fields it has been tinged, how it has been employed towards fertility, and what beautiful ſhadows on its ſurface have been ſeized by art, or ſcience, or great words, and held in time-laſting, if not in everlaſting, beauty. This is what hiſtory tells us. Often in a faltering, confuſed, bedarkened way, like the deeds it chronicles. But it is what we have, and we muſt make the beſt of it.

The ſubject of this eſſay may be thus divided. Why hiſtory ſhould be read—how it ſhould be read—by whom it ſhould be written—how it ſhould be written—and how good writers of hiſtory ſhould be called forth, aided and rewarded.

I. WHY HISTORY SHOULD BE READ.

It takes us out of too much care for the preſent; it extends our ſympathies; it ſhows us that other men have had their ſufferings and their grievances; it enriches diſcourſe, it enlightens travel. So does fiction. But the effect of hiſtory is more laſting and ſuggeſtive. If we ſee a place which fiction has treated of, we feel that it has ſome intereſt for us; but ſhow us a ſpot where remarkable deeds have been done, or remarkable people have lived, and our thoughts cling to it. We employ our own imaginations about it: we invent the fiction for ourſelves. Again, hiſtory is at leaſt the conventional account of things: that which men agree to receive as the right account, and which they diſcuſs as true. To underſtand their talk, we muſt know what they are talking about. Again, there is ſomething in hiſtory which can ſeldom be got from the ſtudy of the lives of individual men; namely, the movements of men collectively, and for long periods—of man, in fact, not of men. In hiſtory, the compoſition of the forces that move the world has to be analyzed. We muſt have before us the law of the progreſs of opinion, the interruptions to it of

individual character, the principles on which men act in the main, the trade winds, as we may ſay, in human affairs, and the recurrent ſtorms which one man's life does not tell us of. Again, by the ſtudy of hiſtory, we have a chance of becoming tolerant, travelling over the ways of many nations and many periods; and we may alſo acquire that hiſtoric tact by which we collect upon one point of human affairs the light of many ages.

We may judge of the benefit of hiſtorical ſtudies by obſerving what great defects are incident to the moral and political writers who know nothing of hiſtory. A preſent grievance, or what ſeems ſuch, ſwallows up in their minds all other conſiderations; their little bottle of oil is to ſtill the raging waves of the whole human ocean; their ſyſtem, a thing that the hiſtorian has ſeen before, perhaps, in many ages, is to reconcile all diverſities. Then they would perſuade you that this claſs of men is wholly good, that wholly bad; or that there is no difference between good and bad. They may be ſhrewd men, conſidering what they have ſeen, but would be much ſhrewder if they could know how ſmall a part that is of life. We may all refer to our boyhood, and recollect the time when we thought the things about us were

the type of all things everywhere. That was, perhaps, after all no ſilly princeſs who was for feeding the famiſhing people on cakes. Hiſtory takes us out of this confined circle of childlike thought; and ſhows us what are the perennial aims, ſtruggles, and diſtractions of mankind.

Hiſtory has always been ſet down as the eſpecial ſtudy for ſtateſmen, and for men who take intereſt in public affairs. For hiſtory is to nations what biography is to individual men. Hiſtory is the chart and compaſs for national endeavour. Our early voyagers are dead: not a plank remains of the old ſhips that firſt eſſayed unknown waters; the ſea retains no track; and were it not for the hiſtory of theſe voyages contained in charts, in chronicles, in hoarded lore of all kinds, each voyager, though he were to ſtart with all the aids of advanced civilization (if you could imagine ſuch a thing without hiſtory), would need the boldneſs of the firſt voyager.

And ſo it would be with the ſtateſman, were the civil hiſtory of mankind unknown. We live to ſome extent in peace and comfort upon the reſults obtained for us by the chronicles of our forefathers. We do not ſee this without ſome reflection. But imagine what a full grown na-

tion would be, if it knew no hiſtory—like a full grown man with only a child's experience.

The preſent is an age of remarkable experiences. Vaſt improvements have been made in ſeveral of the outward things that concern life nearly, from intercourſe rapid as lightning to ſurgical operations without pain. We accept them all; ſtill the difficulties of government, the management of ourſelves, our relations with others, and many of the prime difficulties of life remain but little ſubdued. Hiſtory ſtill claims our intereſt, is ſtill wanted to make us think and act with any breadth of wiſdom.

At the ſame time, however, that we claim for hiſtory great powers of inſtruction, we muſt not imagine that the examples which it furniſhes will enable its readers to anticipate the experience of life. An inexperienced man reads that Cæſar did this or that, but he ſays to himſelf, "I am not Cæſar." Or, indeed, as is moſt probable, the reader has not to reject the application of the example to himſelf: for from firſt to laſt, he ſees nothing but experience for Cæſar in what Cæſar was doing. I think it may be obſerved, too, that general maxims about life gain the ear of the inexperienced, in preference to hiſtorical examples.

But neither wiſe ſayings, nor hiſtorical examples, can be underſtood without experience. Words are only ſymbols. Who can know anything ſoundly with reſpect to the complicated affections and ſtruggles of life, unleſs he has experienced ſome of them? All knowledge of humanity ſpreads from within. So, in ſtudying hiſtory, the leſſons it teaches muſt have ſomething to grow round in the heart they teach. Our own trials, misfortunes and enterpriſes are the beſt lights by which we can read hiſtory. Hence it is, that many an hiſtorian may ſee far leſs into the depths of the very hiſtory he has himſelf written than a man, who, having acted and ſuffered, reads the hiſtory in queſtion with all the wiſdom that comes from action and ſuffering. Sir Robert Walpole might naturally exclaim, "Do not read hiſtory to me, "for that, I know, muſt be falſe." But if he had read it, I do not doubt that he would have ſeen through the film of falſe and inſufficient narrative into the depth of the matter narrated, in a way that men of great experience can alone attain to.

2. HOW HISTORY SHOULD BE READ.

I ſuppoſe that many who now connect the very word hiſtory with the idea of dulneſs, would

have been fond and diligent ſtudents of hiſtory, if it had had fair acceſs to their minds. But they were ſet down to read hiſtories which were not fitted to be read continuouſly, or by any but practiſed ſtudents. Some ſuch works are mere frame work, a name which the author of the Stateſman applies to them, very good things, perhaps, for their purpoſe, but that is not, to invite readers to hiſtory. You might almoſt as well read dictionaries with a hope of getting a ſuccinct and clear view of language. When, in any narration, there is a conſtant heaping up of facts, made about equally ſignificant by the way of telling them, a haſty delineation of characters, and all the incidents moving on as in the fifth act of a confuſed tragedy, the mind and memory refuſe to be ſo treated; and the reading ends in nothing but a very ſlight and inaccurate acquaintance with the mere huſk of the hiſtory. You cannot epitomize the knowledge that it would take years to acquire, into a few volumes that may be read in as many weeks.

The moſt likely way of attracting men's attention to hiſtorical ſubjects will be by preſenting them with ſmall portions of hiſtory, of great intereſt, thoroughly examined. This may give

them the habit of applying thought and criticiſm to hiſtorical matters.

For, as it is, how are people intereſted in hiſtory? and how do they maſter its multitudinous aſſemblage of facts? Moſtly, perhaps, in this way. A man cares about ſome one thing, or perſon, or event; and plunges into its hiſtory, really wiſhing to maſter it. This purſuit extends: other points of reſearch are taken up by him at other times. His reſearches begin to interſect. He finds a connexion in things. The texture of his hiſtoric acquiſitions gradually attains ſome ſubſtance and colour; and ſo at laſt he begins to have ſome dim notions of the myriads of men who came, and ſaw, and did not conquer—only ſtruggled on as they beſt might, ſome of them—and are not.

When we are conſidering how hiſtory ſhould be read, the main thing perhaps is, that the perſon reading ſhould deſire to know what he is reading about, not merely to have read the books that tell of it. The moſt elaborate and careful hiſtorian muſt omit, or paſs ſlightly over, many parts of his ſubject. He writes for all readers, and cannot indulge private fancies. But hiſtory has its particular aſpect for each man: there muſt be portions which he may be expected to dwell

upon. And everywhere, even where the hiſtory is moſt laboured, the reader ſhould have ſomething of the ſpirit of reſearch which was needful for the writer: if only ſo much as to ponder well the words of the writer. That man reads hiſtory, or anything elſe, at great peril of being thoroughly miſled, who has no perception of any truthfulneſs except that which can be fully aſcertained by reference to facts; who does not in the leaſt perceive the truth, or the reverſe, of a writer's ſtyle, of his epithets, of his reaſoning, of his mode of narration. In life our faith in any narration is much influenced by the perſonal appearance, voice, and geſture of the perſon narrating. There is ſome part of all theſe things in his writing; and you muſt look into that well before you can know what faith to give him. One man may make miſtakes in names, and dates, and references, and yet have a real ſubſtance of truthfulneſs in him, a wiſh to enlighten himſelf and then you. Another may not be wrong in his facts, but have a declamatory, or ſophiſtical, vein in him, much to be guarded againſt. A third may be both inaccurate and untruthful, caring not ſo much for anything as to write his book. And if the reader cares only to read it, ſad work they make between them of the memories of former days.

In ſtudying hiſtory, it muſt be borne in mind, that a knowledge is neceſſary of the ſtate of manners, cuſtoms, wealth, arts and ſcience, at the different periods treated of. The text of civil hiſtory requires a context of this knowledge in the mind of the reader. For the ſame reaſon, ſome of the main facts of the geography of the countries in queſtion ſhould be preſent to him. If we are ignorant of theſe aids to hiſtory, all hiſtory is apt to ſeem alike to us. It becomes merely a narrative of men of our own time, in our own country. And then we are prone to expect the ſame views and conduct from them that we do from our contemporaries. It is true that the heroes of antiquity have been repreſented on the ſtage in bag-wigs, and the reſt of the coſtume of our grandfathers; but it was the great events of their lives that were thus told—the criſes of their paſſions—and when we are contemplating the repreſentation of great paſſions and their conſequences, all minor imagery is of little moment. In a long-drawn narrative, however, the more we have in our minds of what concerned the daily life of the people we read about, the better. And, in general, it may be ſaid that hiſtory, like tra-

velling, gives a return in proportion to the knowledge that a man brings to it.

3. BY WHOM HISTORY SHOULD BE WRITTEN.

Before entering directly on this part of the ſubject, it is deſirable to conſider a little the difficulties in the way of writing hiſtory. We all know the difficulty of getting at the truth of a matter which happened yeſterday, and about which we can examine the living actors upon oath. But in hiſtory the moſt ſignificant things may lack the moſt important part of their evidence. The people who were making hiſtory were not thinking of the convenience of future writers of hiſtory. Often the hiſtorian muſt contrive to get his inſight into matters from evidence of men and things which is like bad pictures of them. The contemporary, if he knew the man, ſaid of the picture, "I ſhould have known it, but it has very "little of him in it." The poor hiſtorian, with no original before him, has to ſee through the bad picture into the man. Then, ſuppoſing our hiſtorian rich in well-ſelected evidence, I ſay, well-ſelected, becauſe, as ſtudents tell us, for many an hiſtorian, one authority is of the ſame

weight as another, provided they are both of the ſame age; ſtill, how difficult is narration even to the man who is rich in well-ſelected evidence. What a tendency there is to round off a narrative into falſehood; or elſe by parentheſes to deſtroy its pith and continuity. Again, the hiſtorian knows the end of many of the tranſactions he narrates. If he did not, how differently often he would narrate them. It would be a moſt inſtructive thing to give a man the materials for the account of a great tranſaction, ſtopping ſhort of the end, and then ſee how different would be his account from the ordinary ones. Fools have been hardly dealt with, in the ſaying that the event is their maſter ("eventus ſtultorum magiſter"), ſeeing how it rules us all. And in nothing more than in hiſtory. The event is always preſent to our minds; along the pathways to it, the hiſtorian and the moraliſt have walked till they are beaten pathways, and we imagine that they were ſo to the men who firſt went along them. Indeed we almoſt fancy that theſe anceſtors of ours, looking along the beaten path, foreſaw the event as we do; whereas they moſtly ſtumbled upon it ſuddenly in the foreſt. This knowledge of the end we muſt, therefore, put down as one of the moſt

dangerous pitfalls which beſet the writers of hiſtory. Then conſider the difficulty in the "compoſition," to uſe an artiſt's word, of our hiſtorian's picture. Before both the artiſt and the hiſtorian lies nature as far as the horizon; how ſhall they chooſe that portion of it which has ſome unity and which ſhall repreſent the reſt? What method is needful in the grouping of facts; what learning, what patience, what accuracy!

By whom then ſhould hiſtory be written? In the firſt place, by men of ſome experience in real life: who have acted and ſuffered; who have been in crowds, and ſeen, perhaps felt, how madly men can care about nothings; who have obſerved how much is done in the world in an uncertain manner, upon ſudden impulſes and very little reaſon; and who, therefore, do not think themſelves bound to have a deep-laid theory for all things. They ſhould be men who have ſtudied the laws of the affections, who know how much men's opinions depend on the time in which they live, how they vary with their age, and their poſition. To make themſelves hiſtorians, they ſhould alſo have conſidered the combinations amongſt men and the laws that govern ſuch things; for there are laws. Moreover, our hiſ-

torians, like moſt men who do great things, muſt combine in themſelves qualities which are held to belong to oppoſite natures; muſt at the ſame time be patient in reſearch and vigorous in imagination, energetic and calm, cautious and enterpriſing. Such hiſtorians, wiſe, as we may ſuppoſe they will be, about the affairs of other men, may, let us hope, be ſufficiently wiſe about their own affairs, as to underſtand that no great work can be done without great labour, that no great labour ought to look for its reward. But my reader will exclaim as Raſſelas to Imlac, on hearing the requiſites for a poet, "Enough! thou haſt con-" vinced me that no human being can ever be *an* " *hiſtorian*. Proceed with thy narration."

4. HOW HISTORY SHOULD BE WRITTEN.

One of the firſt things in writing hiſtory is for the hiſtorian to recollect that it is hiſtory he is writing. The narrative muſt not be oppreſſed by reflections, even by wiſe ones. Leaſt of all ſhould the hiſtorian ſuffer himſelf to become entangled by a theory or a ſyſtem. If he does, each fact is taken up by him in a particular way: thoſe facts that cannot be ſo handled ceaſe to be his

facts, and those that offer themselves conveniently are received too fondly by him.

Then, although our historian must not be mastered by system, he must have some way of taking up his facts, and of classifying them. They must not be mere isolated units in his eyes; else he is mobbed by them. And a man in the midst of a crowd, though he may know the names and nature of all the crowd, cannot give an account of their doings. Those who look down from the housetop must do that.

But, above all things, the historian must get out of his own age into the time in which he is writing. Imagination is as much needed for the historian as the poet. You may combine bits of books with other bits of books, and so make some new combinations, and this may be done accurately, and, in general, much of the subordinate preparation for history may be accomplished without any great effort of imagination. But to write history, in any large sense of the words, you must be able to comprehend other times. You must know that there is a right and wrong which is not your right and wrong, but yet stands upon the right and wrong of all ages and all hearts. You must also appreciate the outward life and colours

of the period you write about. Try to think how the men you are telling of would have ſpent a day, what were their leading ideas: what they cared about. Graſp the body of the time, and give it to us. If not, and theſe men could look at your hiſtory, they would ſay, "This is all very well; "we dare ſay ſome of theſe things did happen; "but we were not thinking of theſe things all "day long. It does not repreſent us."

After enlarging upon this great requiſite, imagination, it ſeems ſomewhat proſaic to come down to ſaying that hiſtory requires accuracy. But I think I hear the ſighs, and ſounds more harſh than ſighing, of thoſe who have ever inveſtigated any thing, and found by dire experience the deplorable inaccuracy which prevails in the world. And, therefore, I would ſay to the hiſtorian almoſt as the firſt ſuggeſtion, "Be accurate; do not make "falſe references, do not miſ-ſtate: and men, if "they get no light from you, will not execrate "you. You will not ſtand in the way and have "to be explained and got rid of."

Another moſt important matter in writing hiſtory and that indeed in which the art lies, is the method of narrating. This is a thing almoſt beyond rules, like the actual execution in muſic or

painting. A man might have fairneſs, accuracy, an inſight into other times, great knowledge of facts, ſome power even of arranging them, and yet make a narrative out of it all, ſo protracted here, ſo huddled together there, the purpoſe ſo buried or confuſed, that men would agree to acknowledge the merit of the book and leave it unread. There muſt be a natural line of aſſociations for the narrative to run along. The ſeparate threads of the narrative muſt be treated ſeparately, and yet the ſubject not be dealt with ſectionally, for that is not the way in which the things occurred. The hiſtorian muſt, therefore, beware that thoſe diviſions of the ſubject which he makes for our eaſe and convenience, do not induce him to treat his ſubject in a flimſy manner. He muſt not make his ſtory eaſy where it is not ſo.

After all, it is not by rule that a great hiſtory is to be written. Moſt thinkers agree that the main object for the hiſtorian, is to get an inſight into the things which he tells of, and then to tell them with the modeſty of a man who is in the preſence of great events; and muſt ſpeak about them carefully, ſimply, and with but little of himſelf or his affections thrown into the narration.

5. HOW GOOD WRITERS OF HISTORY SHOULD BE CALLED FORTH, AIDED, AND REWARDED.

Mainly, by hiſtory being properly read. The direct ways of commanding excellence of any kind are very few, if any. When a ſtate has found out its notable men, it ſhould reward them, and will ſhow its worthineſs by its meaſure and mode of reward. But it cannot purchaſe them. It may do ſomething in the way of aiding them. In hiſtory, for inſtance, the records of a nation may be diſcreetly managed, and ſome of the minor work, therefore, done to the hand of the hiſtorian. But the moſt likely method to enſure good hiſtorians, is to have a fit audience for them. And this is a very difficult matter. In works of general literature, the circle of perſons capable of judging is large: even in works of ſcience or philoſophy, it is conſiderable: but in hiſtory, it is a very confined circle. To the general body of readers, whether the hiſtory they read is true or not, is in no way perceptible. It is quite as amuſing to them when it is told in one way, as in another. There is always miſchief in error; but in this caſe the miſchief is remote, or ſeems ſo. For men of ordinary culture, even if of much intelli-

gence, the difficulty of diſcerning what is true or falſe in the hiſtories they read, makes it a matter of the higheſt duty for thoſe few perſons who can give us criticiſm on hiſtorical works, at leaſt to ſave us from inſolent and mendacious careleſſneſs in hiſtorical writers, if not by juſt encouragement to ſecure for nations ſome reſults not altogether unworthy of the great enterpriſe which the writing of hiſtory holds out itſelf to be. "Hujus enim fidei exempla majorum, viciſſitu-"dines rerum, fundamenta prudentiæ civilis, "hominum denique nomen et fama commiſſa "ſunt." *

ELLESMERE. Juſt wait a minute for me, and do not talk about the Eſſay till I come back. I am going for Anſter's Fauſt.

DUNSFORD. What has Elleſmere got in his head?

MILVERTON. I ſee. There is a paſſage where Fauſt, in his moſt diſcontented mood, falls foul of hiſtory—in his talk to Wagner, if I am not miſtaken.

* Bacon de Augmentis Scientiarum.

DUNSFORD. How beautiful it is this evening! Look at that yellow green near the ſunſet.

MILVERTON. The very words that Coleridge uſes. I always think of them when I ſeé that tint.

DUNSFORD. I dare ſay his words were in my mind, but I have forgotten what you allude to.

MILVERTON.

O Lady! in this wan and heartleſs mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throſtle woo'd,
All this long eve, ſo balmy and ſerene,
Have I been gazing on the weſtern ſky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And ſtill I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And thoſe thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the ſtars;
Thoſe ſtars, that glide behind them or between,
Now ſparkling, now bedimmed, but always ſeen:
Yon creſcent Moon as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudleſs, ſtarleſs lake of blue;
I ſee them all ſo excellently fair,
I ſee, not feel how beautiful they are!

DUNSFORD. Admirable! In the "Ode to Dejection," is it not? where, too, there are thoſe lines,

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live.

MILVERTON. But here comes Elleſmere with triumphant look. You look as jovial, my dear Elleſmere, as if you were a Bentley that had found out a falſe quantity in a Boyle.

ELLESMERE. Liſten and perpend, my hiſtorical friends.

To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a myſterious book, ſealed with ſeven ſeals:

That which you call the ſpirit of ages paſt
Is but, in truth, the ſpirit of ſome few authors
In which thoſe ages are beheld reflected,
With what diſtortion ſtrange heaven only knows.
Oh! often, what a toilſome thing it is
This ſtudy of thine, at the firſt glance we fly it.
A maſs of things confuſedly heaped together;
A lumber-room of duſty documents,
Furniſhed with all approved court-precedents,
And old traditional maxims! Hiſtory!
Facts dramatiſed ſay rather—action—plot—
Sentiment, every thing the writer's own,
As it beſt fits the web-work of his ſtory,
With here and there a ſolitary fact
Of conſequence, by thoſe grave chroniclers,
Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,
And wiſe old ſaws, learned at the puppet-ſhows.

MILVERTON. Yes: admirable lines: they deſcribe to the life the very faults we have been conſidering as the faults of badly written hiſtories. I do not ſee that they do much more.

ELLESMERE.

"To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a myſterious book"—

MILVERTON. Thoſe two firſt lines are the full expreſſion of Fauſt's diſcontent—unmeaſured, as in the preſence of a weak man who could not check him. But, if you come to look at the matter cloſely, you will ſee that the time preſent is alſo in ſome ſenſe a ſealed book to us. Men that we live with daily we often know as little of as we do of Julius Cæſar I was going to ſay—but we know much leſs of them than of him.

ELLESMERE. I did not mean to say that Faust spoke my sentiments about history in general. Still there are periods of history which we have very few authors to tell us about, and I dare say in some of those cases the colouring of their particular minds gives us a false idea of the whole age they lived in.

DUNSFORD. This may have happened, certainly.

MILVERTON. We must be careful not to expect too much from the history of past ages, as a means of understanding the present age. There is something wanted besides the preceding history, to understand each age. Each individual life may have a problem of its own, which all other biography, accurately set down for us, might not enable us to work out. So of each age. It has a something in it not known before, and tends to a result which is not down in any books.

DUNSFORD. Yet history must be of greatest use in discerning this tendency.

ELLESMERE. Yes; but the Wagner sort of pedant would get entangled in his round of history—in his historical resemblances.

DUNSFORD. Now, Milverton, if you were called upon to say what are the peculiar characteristics of this age, what should you say?

ELLESMERE. One of Dunsford's questions, this, requiring a stout quarto volume with notes, in answer.

MILVERTON. I would rather wait till I was called upon. I am apt to feel, after I have left off describing the character of any individual man, as if I had only

juſt begun. And I do not ſee the [illegible] of diſcourſe that would be needful in attempting to give the characteriſtics of an age.

ELLESMERE. I think you are prudent to avoid answering Dunsford's queſtion. For my own part I ſhould prefer giving an account of the age we live in, after we have come to the end of it—in the true hiſtorical faſhion. And ſo, Dunsford, you muſt wait for my notions.

DUNSFORD. I am afraid, Milverton, if you were to write hiſtory, you would never make up your mind to condemn anybody.

MILVERTON. I hope I ſhould not be ſo inconcluſive. I certainly do diſlike to ſee any character, whether of a living or a dead perſon, diſpoſed of in a ſummary way.

ELLESMERE. For once I will come to the reſcue of Milverton. I really do not ſee that a man's belief in the extent and variety of human character, and in the difficulty of appreciating the circumſtances of life, ſhould prevent him from writing hiſtory—from coming to ſome concluſions. Of courſe ſuch a man is not likely to write a long courſe of hiſtory; but that I hold has been a frequent error in hiſtorians—that they have taken up ſubjects too large for them.

MILVERTON. If there is as much to be ſaid about men's character and conduct as I think there moſtly is, why ſhould we be content with ſhallow views of them? Take the outward form of theſe hills and valleys before us. When we have ſeen them a few times, we think we know them, but are quite miſtaken. Approaching from

another quarter, it is almoſt new ground to us. It is a long time before you maſter the outward form and ſemblance of any ſmall piece of country that has much life and diverſity in it. I often think of this, applying it to our little knowledge of men. Now look there a moment; you ſee that houſe: cloſe behind it, is apparently a barren tract. In reality there is nothing of the kind there. A fertile valley, with a great river in it, as you know, is between that houſe and the moors. But the plane of thoſe moors and of the houſe is coincident from our preſent point of view. Had we not, as educated men, ſome diſtruſt of the concluſions of our ſenſes, we ſhould be ready to ſwear that there was a lonely houſe on the border of the moors. It is the ſame in judging of men. We ſee a man connected with a train of action which is really not near him, abſolutely foreign to him perhaps, but in our eyes that is what he is always connected with. If there were not a being who underſtands us immeaſurably better than other men can, immeaſurably better than we do ourſelves, we ſhould be badly off.

Such precautionary thoughts as theſe muſt be uſeful, I contend. They need not make us indifferent to character, or prevent us from forming judgments where we muſt form them, but they ſhow us what a wide thing we are talking about, when we are judging the life and nature of a man.

ELLESMERE. I am ſure, Dunsford, you are already convinced: you ſeldom want more than a ſlight pretext

for going over to the charitable ſide of things, you are only afraid of not dealing ſtoutly enough with bad things and people. Do not be afraid though, as long as you have me to abuſe, you will ſay many unjuſt things againſt me, you know, ſo that you may waſte yourſelf in good thoughts about the reſt of the world, paſt and preſent. Do you know the lawyer's ſtory I had in my mind, then? "Many times when I have had a "good caſe," he ſaid, "I have failed; but then I have "often ſucceeded with bad caſes. And ſo juſtice is "done."

MILVERTON. To return to the ſubject. It is not a ſort of equalizing want of thought about men that I deſire: only not to be raſh in a matter that requires all our care and prudence.

DUNSFORD. Well, I believe I am won over. But now to another point. I think, Milverton, that you have ſaid hardly anything about the uſe of hiſtory as an incentive to good deeds, and a diſcouragement to evil ones.

MILVERTON. I ought to have done ſo. Bolingbroke gives in his "Letters on Hiſtory," talking of this point, a paſſage from Tacitus, "Præcipuum munus annalium" —can you go on with it, Dunsford?

DUNSFORD. Yes, I think I can. It is a paſſage I have often ſeen quoted. "Præcipuum munus annalium "reor, ne virtutes ſileantur; utque pravis dictis factiſque "ex poſteritate et infamiâ metus ſit."

ELLESMERE. Well done; Dunsford may have in-

vented it though, for aught that we know, Milverton; and be paſſing himſelf off upon us for Tacitus.

MILVERTON. Then Bolingbroke goes on to ſay, (I wiſh I could give you his own flowing words) that the great duty of hiſtory is to form a tribunal like that amongſt the Egyptians which Diodorus tells of, where both common men and princes were tried after their deaths, and received appropriate honour or diſgrace. The ſentence was pronounced, he ſays, too late to correct or to recompenſe; but it was pronounced in time to render examples of general inſtruction to mankind. Now, what I was going to remark upon this, is, that Bolingbroke underſtates his caſe. Hiſtory well written is a preſent correction, and a foretaſte of recompenſe, to the man who is now ſtruggling with difficulties and temptations, now overcaſt by calumny and cloudy miſrepreſentations.

ELLESMERE. Yes: many a man makes an appeal to poſterity, which will never come before the court; but if there were no ſuch court of appeal—

MILVERTON. A man's conviction that juſtice will be done to him in hiſtory is a ſecondary motive, and not one which, of itſelf, will compel him to do juſt and great things; but, at any rate it forms one of the benefits that flow from hiſtory, and it becomes ſtronger as hiſtories are better written. Much may be ſaid againſt care for fame: much alſo againſt care for preſent repute. There is a diviner impulſe than either at the doing of any actions that are much worth doing. As a correc-

tion, however, this anticipation of the judgment of history may really be very powerful. It is a great gratification of conſcience, to read the opinions of men on deeds ſimilar to thoſe we are engaged in, or meditating.

DUNSFORD. I think Bolingbroke's idea, which I imagine was more general than yours, is more important: namely that this judicial proceeding, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, gave ſignificant leſſons to all people, not merely to thoſe who had any chance of having their names in hiſtory.

MILVERTON. Certainly: for this is one of Bolingbroke's chief points, if I recollect rightly.

ELLESMERE. Our converſations are much better things than your eſſays, Milverton.

MILVERTON. Of courſe, I am bound to ſay ſo: but what made you think of that now?

ELLESMERE. Why, I was thinking how in talk we can know exactly where we agree or differ. But I never like to interrupt the eſſay. I never know when it would come to an end if I did. And ſo it ſwims on like a ſermon, having all its own way: one cannot put in an awkward queſtion in a weak part, and get things looked at in various ways.

DUNSFORD. I ſuppoſe, then, Elleſmere, you would like to interrupt ſermons.

ELLESMERE. Why, yes, ſometimes—do not throw ſticks at me, Dunsford.

DUNSFORD. Well, it is abſurd to be angry with you;

becauſe if you long to interrupt Milverton with his cautious perhapſes and probablys, of courſe you will be impatient with diſcourſes which do, to a certain extent, aſſume that the preacher and the hearers are in uniſon upon great matters.

ELLESMERE. I am afraid to ſay anything about ſermons, for fear of the argumentum baculinum from Dunsford; but many eſſay writers, like Milverton, delight to wind up their paragraphs with complete little aphoriſms—ſhutting up ſomething certainly, but ſhutting out ſomething too. I could generally pauſe upon them a little.

MILVERTON. Of courſe one may err, Elleſmere, in too much aphoriſing as in too much of anything. But your argument goes againſt all expreſſion of opinion, which muſt be incomplete, eſpecially when dealing with matters that cannot be circumſcribed by exact definitions. Otherwiſe, a code of wiſdom might be made which the fool might apply as well as the wiſeſt man. Even the beſt proverb, though often the expreſſion of the wideſt experience in the choiceſt language, can be thoroughly miſapplied. It cannot embrace the whole of the ſubject, and apply in all caſes like a mathematical formula. Its wiſdom lies in the ear of the hearer.

ELLESMERE. Well, I do not know that there is anything more to ſay about the eſſay. I ſuppoſe you are aware, Dunsford, that Milverton does not intend to give us any more eſſays for ſome time. He is diſtreſſing

his mind about ſome facts which he wants to aſcertain before he will read any more to us. I imagine we are to have ſomething hiſtorical next.

MILVERTON. Something in which hiſtorical records are uſeful.

ELLESMERE. Really it is wonderful to ſee how beautifully human nature accommodates itſelf to anything, even to the liſtening to eſſays. I ſhall miſs them.

MILVERTON. You may miſs the talk before and after.

ELLESMERE. Well, there is no knowing how much of that is provoked (provoked is a good word, is it not?) by the eſſays.

DUNSFORD. Then, for the preſent, we have come to an end of our readings.

MILVERTON. Yes; but I truſt at no diſtant time to have ſomething more to try your critical powers and patience upon. I hope that that old tower will yet ſee us meet together here on many a ſunny day, diſcuſſing various things in friendly council.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

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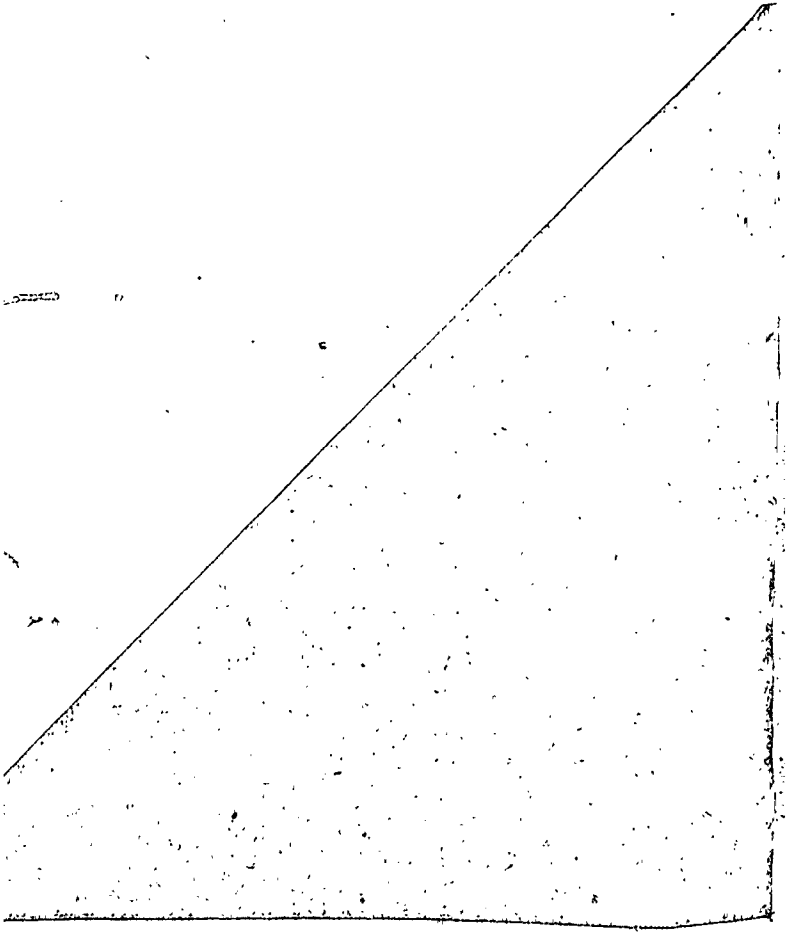

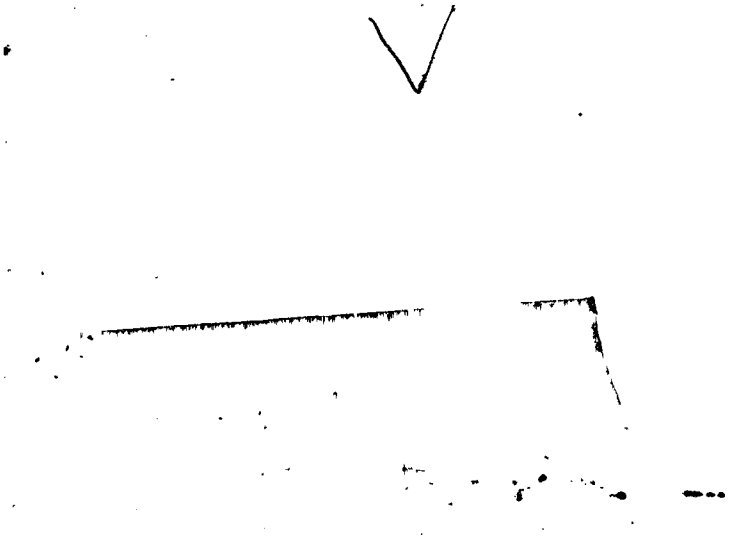

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on 10 March, 2016